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STORY OF JESUS

For Young People

By

WALTER RUSSELL BOWIE



ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT LAWSON

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS + NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS + LTD + LONDON

1946

St. Paul's Parish
School of Christianity
Claremont, California

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To
TAD
and
POLLY

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HOW THE CALENDAR BEGINS

EVERY NEW YEAR'S DAY we change our calendars; and when we look at the fresh calendar we see a new number at the top. That number tells what year it is.

But what does the number mean? The calendar seems to be counting up from something, but what is the something it is counting from?

Perhaps from the beginning of the world, you say. But, no, the world is a great deal older than nineteen hundred years, or ten times nineteen hundred years.

Well, maybe from the time when people first began to have calendars. No, not from that either. For there have been different kinds of calendars much longer ago than the number on our calendar shows.

Well, then, what *does* the calendar start from? What made people take a year right in the middle of things and call that "the year One," and begin counting everything afresh from that particular time?

It was because someone was born that year.

But that seems curious too. For someone is born every year. In fact, millions of people are born every year; and since the world began, that has been happening. Some of the people who have been born in different years have been very great people, too—kings, and emperors, and leaders of armies,

How the Calendar Begins

and builders of palaces, and rulers of the world. But nobody started the calendar afresh because of them.

Yet there was one person because of whom the world did start its calendar anew. It decided to count all the years before he was born as this or that many years before him; and all the years after he was born, as so many years measured from the time he came. The kings and emperors and all the rest might be important, but he was more important. Every time we look at the calendar, the calendar tells us that there was someone who mattered more than anyone else who has ever been in the world.

Who was he, then? And what did he do? Tell us the story about him. That is what you will be saying. So here the story is.

THE STORY OF
JESUS

CHAPTER 1



ABOUT THE LAND WHERE JESUS
LIVED, AND ABOUT HIS MOTHER

Away over at the eastern end of the blue water which is called the Mediterranean Sea, there is a little country which is mostly made up of rocky hills. On the coast, where the waters roll in, there is a narrow plain full of flowers and of all growing things; but steeply from that the hills climb up toward the sky. Among the hills is a little town called Nazareth.

The Land Where Jesus Lived

In those days, nineteen hundred years ago, there lived in Nazareth, and in the country to which Nazareth belonged, a proud but unhappy people. Their memories went back a long way to all that their fathers had told them of the former times when their nation was great and free. The history of those earlier times had been written down in various writings which the people of Israel—for that was their name—loved to read; and these writings are the very same which have been gathered together in what we call the Old Testament, and which we can read any time we open the first part of our Bible. There they are to this day: the stories of Moses, who gave up his honors and his riches as the adopted son of the daughter of Pharaoh, King of Egypt, to lead his own people out of Egypt into the land where they could be free; the story of David, the shepherd lad, and of David's love for Jonathan, Saul's son, and of how David afterward became the greatest of the kings, whom all the nation loved and before whom the enemies of the people of Israel melted away; of Elijah and other bold men like him who were called the prophets, because they spoke for God, and always were telling the people what great things God expected of them and what great and glorious things God Himself would do. All these stories the people read, and they said one to another, "That is the way it used to be. But now the times are different, and the glory is gone." And then they thought of Rome, and their eyes grew shadowed, and their faces were hard.

For, from her position near the center of the Mediterranean Sea, the mighty city of Rome had sent out her armies

The Land Where Jesus Lived

which little by little had conquered what seemed like almost all the world. Here and everywhere they came, these Roman legions, as they were called. They marched along the stone-flagged roads which Rome had built across the land; or they came in high-decked galleys, rowed by galley-slaves chained to their benches and pulling heavy oars. They conquered the land of Israel, all of it, from the north where Nazareth was down to the south where the beautiful city of Jerusalem rose upon her lofty hills. Israel had been conquered before, but the other times were not like these. Then there was hope of getting free; but who could get free from Rome? Never had there been such a power as Rome's—so wide, so sure, so resolute to hold what it had grasped. Along the roads of Israel the Roman soldiers came, their helmets glinting in the sunlight, their swords clanking against the armor at their waists. In the greater cities they planted their camps. They put down rulers, and set up new ones. They seemed to do whatever they pleased, and the conquered people must submit. But in their hearts the men of Israel did not submit. They hated Rome, and they wanted their revenge. By themselves they could not get free; but then, were they really by themselves? There was God; and they told one another that surely God would help His people. They turned back to the writings of the prophets and read there the promises set down in the name of God. The prophets had said that some day God would raise up in Israel a King who should be greater than David, and greater than all the other great ones of the earth. Had not the time come now for the promise to be fulfilled?

The Land Where Jesus Lived

So the people thought, and wondered, and waited—waited for the Conqueror who should come from God. The word by which they called him was Messiah.

Now in Nazareth there were people much like those in other little towns; but among them was one who was different from the others. Her name was Mary. She was just grown up from girlhood to be a woman. Her eyes were still and deep, and her voice was very gentle; and in her look was something which seemed to speak of beautiful far things which she was dreaming. For Mary was going to be married to a carpenter of Nazareth named Joseph, and she was very glad. But that which made her glad was not alone her love for Joseph. Deep down in her heart she was cherishing something even more wonderful than that. She was whispering to herself a hope so great that no one but herself might know. It seemed to her that it had come straight to her heart from God.

And the hope was that some day she should have a baby; and her baby, her little son from Nazareth, should grow up to be the great king for whom the people all were waiting.

If you ask how Mary dared believe so marvelous a thing, the answer is written in the lovely words of those parts of the Bible which we call the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke. Mary must have had a way of praying much, and of listening in that quietness through which God speaks to those whose hearts are very eager to hear what God may say. And sometimes to those whose souls are very pure, God

The Land Where Jesus Lived

grants that they shall see what others cannot see. It was so with Joan of Arc, the peasant maid of Domremy, who saw her visions which made her go forth to be the Deliverer of France. It was so with St. Francis of Assisi. And it was so in an even greater and more blessed way with Mary, there long ago in Nazareth.

Just where she was we do not know, whether in her house, or walking among the hills, or kneeling down to pray; but suddenly one day she lifted up her eyes and saw a sudden brightness, dazzling as the sun. And in the midst of it there seemed to stand a figure, tall and beautiful and straight. Who could it be, she thought, except an angel?—one of the shining messengers that stand around the throne of God. Who could it be but Gabriel himself?—of all the angels the one most near to the glory of God.

And marvelling then she heard him speak:

“Hail, thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee! Blessed art thou among women.”

No wonder that Mary was amazed when she heard such words as these. No wonder even that she trembled a little, and cast down her eyes before the shining Figure standing there.

Then she heard the angel voice again, sweet and clear as a golden harp. And this time he told her the tremendous thing which all mothers, when they hear it, feel to be so beautiful—news that her baby was really going to come. And the angel told her the lovely name that she should give him. “Thou shalt call his name Jesus,” he said; and then he told her this: “He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of

The Land Where Jesus Lived

the Highest: and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of David, and he shall reign forever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end."

Can you think how Mary felt when that message came into her heart? Presently in her arms there should be a little boy, and her little boy should grow up to be a king—the great King whom the people all were looking for. Her little son, the King!

It was as though every little bit of Mary were a song. She sang in her heart, and she sang with her lips—sang the lovely hymn called the *Magnificat*, which is written down in the Gospel of St. Luke—and it seemed as though her very feet were singing whenever she walked along. She thought to herself, "This secret which the angel told me is too holy to tell everybody, but it is so wonderful that I must tell somebody—somebody who loves me, and will understand, and be very glad." Then she remembered her cousin Elisabeth who lived down toward the south in the hill country of Judæa. So she started off to see Elisabeth. It was in the springtime after the winter rains, and all the fields were bright with flowers as she went along.

When she got to Elisabeth's house, and knocked at the door, she stood there on the threshold as lovely as the flowers she had looked at by the way; and when the door opened and she had rushed into Elisabeth's arms, the words poured out as she told her the news which she had come all the long, happy journey just to tell. Elisabeth was as glad as Mary was; and Elisabeth told Mary also of something astonishing

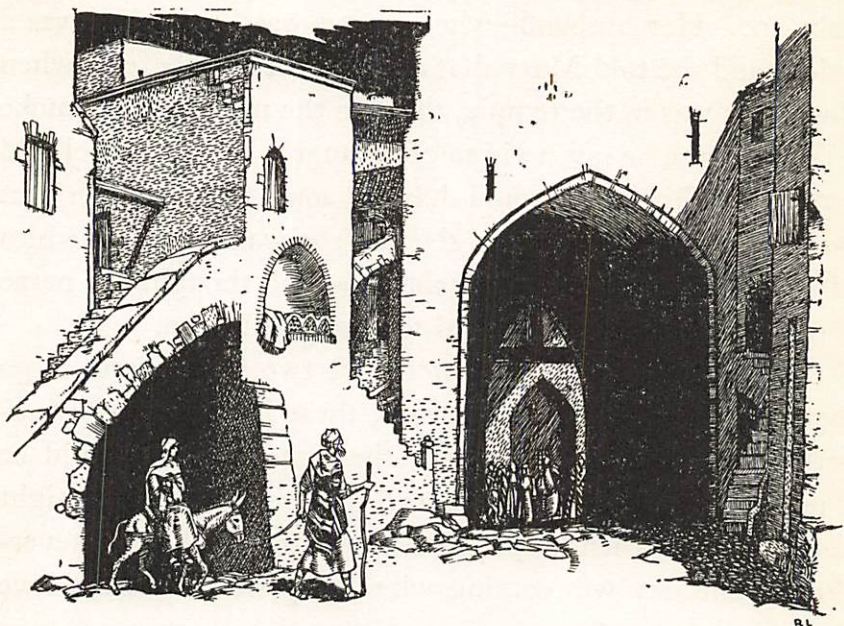
The Land Where Jesus Lived

which had happened to her. For she was going to have a baby too. Her husband—whose name was Zacharias—was a priest, and she told Mary that one day not long before, when Zacharias was in the temple, there in the midst of the smoke of the incense he saw a vision of an angel; and the angel told him that Elisabeth should have a son. So Elisabeth was waiting for his coming, and she said she wanted to name him after his father, but that Zacharias—who thought his name was too long anyway—wanted to name him John.

John and Jesus—these would be two good names to go together. They would be cousins, these little sons of Elisabeth and Mary, and almost of the same age. It would be a pity that their homes were far apart, so that there might be long times when they would not see each other. (Nevertheless, the day was coming when they would meet, as we shall see.)

For nearly three months Mary stayed with Elisabeth, and then she went back to Nazareth, and to Joseph; and Joseph's little house seemed very happy to her, because she was his bride.

CHAPTER 2



OF ÷ BETHLEHEM, AND ÷ THE ÷ SHEP-
HERDS, AND ÷ THE ÷ WISE ÷ MEN ÷ ÷

MONTHS WENT BY. The spring passed into summer, and the summer into autumn; and the autumn waned, and it began to be winter. Then the news came to Nazareth that the Romans had ordered an enrollment of all the people—a counting of everybody in the country, so that it might be known how many there were, and whether everybody was paying the taxes which Rome required. People had to go

The Shepherds and Wise Men

and be counted in the places where their families had always lived—or so it is supposed; and it was said that Joseph's family used to live in Bethlehem. So down to Bethlehem Joseph had to go.

He did not want to leave Mary behind in Nazareth, so he took her with him. Yet he did not want to have her walk all that long way, and therefore he put her on an ass he had—one of those patient sure-footed creatures which people rode on in those days—and he walked by the ass's head. It took several days to go all the way to Bethlehem, for it was even farther away than the town where Elisabeth lived; and it was at the end of a day when they got there. Bethlehem stands on the top of a hill, and Joseph and Mary were both very weary when they reached the end of the climbing road. They went to the inn where travellers lodged, hoping to find there a fire where they could warm themselves, and a place where they could lie down to sleep that night. But many other people had been coming in all day to Bethlehem, and it was late when Mary and Joseph came. Every place was filled already. There was no room in the inn for them.

So they had to go for shelter to a cave in the hillside, which had been turned into a rude stable for the asses and the oxen. A little straw was the only bed that Joseph could find for Mary, and the warm bodies of the cattle were the only things that kept the stable from being very cold.

But there in the stable that winter's night the great thing happened which has started all our calendars anew. For while the people were sleeping in the inn, and no one was near to know it, Mary's little son was born; and the

The Shepherds and Wise Men

only place which would do for a cradle was a manger filled with hay.

But if no one in the inn knew what had happened, God whose love is everywhere did know. And when Saint Luke, who years later sat down to write his Gospel, began to think of that night in Bethlehem, it seemed to him that all the angels of heaven must have been rejoicing; and he told of people he had heard of who knew that it was so.

Out in the fields near Bethlehem that night, he said, was a little group of shepherds, watching their sheep. These were the very fields where long ago young David had kept his father's sheep, before he went down to the army of Saul to fight the giant Goliath. It may be that these shepherds had been thinking of David, and wishing that another king as great as he might come to set God's people free. And there, as they sat in their cloaks about the fire under the great quiet of the night, suddenly it seemed to them as though there trembled in the sky a light more bright than all the shining stars.

"Look," said one; and "listen," said another; and "hush" said they all, as they fell upon their knees.

"It is an angel!" they whispered.

There beside them he stood, his great wings shining like soft flame, and this is what they heard him say:

"Be not afraid; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be the sign unto you. You shall

The Shepherds and Wise Men

find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger."

Then it seemed to the shepherds as though they saw not one angel only, but hosts and hosts of angels, filling the sky with the shimmer of their wings; and down across the quiet plains floated the sound of what they sang—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!"

For a while the shepherds were too amazed to move, and when again they lifted their eyes, they saw only the flicker of their fire and the light of the silent stars.

Their hearts were beating with excitement.

"The city of David," they echoed.

"That means Bethlehem, for Bethlehem was David's home."

"Our Bethlehem—our Bethlehem on the hill."

So they ran together to Bethlehem to see what great thing had come to pass, and they found Mary and Joseph and the little baby Jesus in his manger cradle. Some say they gave him presents, and that one of them brought him a lamb; but whether they had any presents to give him or not, they praised God for seeing him, and they went away telling each other that this little boy would do great things when he grew up.

That is what Saint Luke tells in his Gospel about the time when Jesus was born; and another writer, who is called Saint Matthew, has told us something else which he had heard about.

The Shepherds and Wise Men

According to him, the shepherds were not the only ones who came to see Jesus in Bethlehem. Off in the eastern country, far away toward the sunrise, lived three men who belonged to a very old religion; and one of the things they believed was that the stars would show them the thoughts of God. Night after night when the heavens were clear they would watch the constellations as they climbed above the horizon and marched across the mighty spaces of the sky, and they would search for new stars, or for anything that was different in the ones they had known before. And one night they did see a new star rise. There in the western sky it burned, so bright and glittering that the Magi (for that was the name by which these friends were called) were sure that it must be a sign which God was giving them. So they talked together eagerly and they read in the wise old books. And they said to one another, "Something wonderful has happened yonder in the west. Let us go and see what it may be."

"Perhaps," said one, "it means that the King is born."

"The King?" the others questioned.

"Yes, the King," he answered, "for in the old books of the Hebrew people it is written that one day a King shall come from God, who shall build a new kingdom of peace and gladness for all the world."

So they determined that they would go to look for the King. They sold some of their possessions (for they were rich) and they bought camels, and food for the long journey. Day after day they rode on the backs of the swaying camels,

The Shepherds and Wise Men

along the valleys of the great rivers, the Tigris and the Euphrates; over the weary miles of desert, where the white sand, drifting, covered the camels' tracks and they must ride carefully lest they should wander from their way; on toward the mountains, and the snow-capped peak of Hermon; past Damascus and its watered gardens; down through Galilee where Nazareth was; and on at last till the feet of their camels padded in the streets of Jerusalem, and they halted at the gate of the palace of Herod the King.

Now Herod was an old man, and very cruel. The Romans had let him remain as a king in Jerusalem, but he was drawing near to the end of his life. He had killed his own wife and three of his sons, and his sullen eyes were watching continually for any one who might want to take away his power. He moved there in his palace in Jerusalem like a tiger in his lair.

But all this the Magi did not know. They knocked at Herod's gates, and in his courtyard they dismounted. Then into the royal presence they went, three stately figures, with the robes and the turbans of the distant land from which they came.

They saluted Herod and then they asked him a question—a dangerous question, for it would rouse all of Herod's jealous anger.

"Where is he," they said, "that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him."

The Shepherds and Wise Men

"The King of the Jews!" That was what Herod was, and his face grew dark as he heard these strangers thus asking for another king.

But he was too crafty to say what he was thinking. He pretended that he would help them in their search for the new King who might have been born. He called together the men in his court who were wise in the ancient books, and he asked them whether anything was written there about a King who was to come from God.

They told him, yes, that long ago it had been written that some day a King should be born in Bethlehem.

Then the Magi were very glad, and they mounted their camels, and rode out through the gates of Jerusalem on the road to Bethlehem.

"When you have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also," said Herod as they went away; and he smiled a twisted smile with which he sought to hide his hatred. But when the Magi had gone he turned back into his palace in a rage, and he sent for the commander of his soldiers.

On to Bethlehem then the Magi went, and the tinkle of the bells on their rich bridles and saddle-cloths sounded with the swaying of the camels as they climbed the streets of the little town. And before the eyes of Mary suddenly they stood, these tall strange figures dismounting from their camels and bending down to pass through the lowly stable door. Into the presence of Mary and of the little Jesus they came, and stooped, and laid down the gifts which they had brought—gold and frankincense and myrrh. They looked at

The Shepherds and Wise Men

one another with a great light in their eyes. Their journey was accomplished. They had found the Child whom God had sent to be a King—the Child of whom their star had been the sign.

Then they went back into their own country by another way.

But Herod, when he found that the Magi did not come back to tell him who the child was, and where he was, fell into a deadly fury. He was determined to kill this child, lest he should grow up and take away his kingdom. He knew that the child was in Bethlehem, and that was all he knew. So he decided upon a dreadful thing. In order to make sure of killing the one child he feared, he would kill all the children in the town.

So presently along the road to Bethlehem Herod's soldiers went. Women looked out in alarm from their homes to see them coming; and then the terror broke. There was a shouting in the streets, a smashing-in of doors, screams of mothers, and the sudden cries of little children. And when it was all over, the soldiers of Herod marched away with blood upon their swords, and there was sobbing everywhere in Bethlehem; for all the little children of the town were dead.

Yet the murderous plan of Herod had failed to do what he meant to do. For Jesus was not killed. Joseph had had a dream which warned him to flee from Bethlehem; and before the soldiers of Herod came, he had taken Mary and Jesus and gone hastily away. Down toward Egypt he went

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with them and stayed there till the evil Herod was dead. Only then did he and they come back to Nazareth.

Such then are the stories of the way in which Jesus was born, and of the shepherds who came to see him, and of the Wise Men who travelled from afar, and of the wickedness of Herod. We do not know who told all this to Luke and Matthew when years afterward they came to write it down. Perhaps some things were forgotten, and some other things grew up in the stories' telling, like music growing to fit a song. But anyhow a little boy was born, and his name was Jesus, and presently all the neighbors would know of him in Nazareth. And the strange thing was that he should be very different from what his mother had imagined, and yet greater than even she had dreamed.

CHAPTER * 3 *



WHEN + JESUS + WAS + A + BOY
IN + NAZARETH + + + + +

WHAT DID JESUS DO in Nazareth when he was a little boy? Nobody has told us, so we must guess. Yet it is not all a matter of guessing either. For life in the land of Palestine has not changed much in all the years since Jesus' time. Towns and villages still stand on the same ground where they stood in the centuries before. Houses are built much as they were builded then, and people go about the same sort

Jesus a Boy in Nazareth

of work as kept them busy long ago. If we should take a journey on a ship across the oceans and come to the shore of Palestine, and then go a little way up into the hills, we could look with our own eyes on Nazareth as it is now; and this Nazareth is not very different from the Nazareth in which the little boy Jesus grew. The house in which he lived was very simple and was made of sun-dried brick, and white-washed. It had only one room, except that perhaps on the flat roof there was another place where on hot nights one could sleep out under the open skies and the stars. Opposite the door that opened from the street, there was a wide low platform where in the daytime the rugs were rolled up which served for beds at night. There were no such things as stoves then, but only a fireplace on the earthen floor; and the smoke curled up through an opening in the roof. A little lamp upon a stand, with a wick that floated in oil, would give all the light there was after the sun went down. People in Nazareth were poor; and they could not afford to buy much, even if there had been anything much to buy. It was not upon things that Jesus could depend to make him happy.

Yet he had everything he needed. He had his mother and father to love him, and he had God. As soon as he was old enough to think at all, he would think of God; for the people of Israel made sure that their children knew of Him. And Mary and Joseph especially would do this, for they loved God very much. They said their prayers, and they tried to listen in their hearts and to learn what God would have them do; and when Jesus looked at them, he felt con-

Jesus a Boy in Nazareth

tent, because he saw that they were trusting the Father in heaven to give them what they needed every day.

Probably when he was very little, he stayed close to his mother as she was busy sweeping the house, and tending the fire, and kneading flour, and baking the flat bread on the hot stones of the hearth. He would go with her too to the well in the center of the village; and when he had grown bigger, he would help her draw up the water and fill the water jars and carry them home. But something more exciting was to come. For Joseph was a carpenter, and there in his shop were the clean-smelling wood, and the sharp tools, and the deep shavings on the floor. When he was older Jesus could help in the carpenter shop, learning how to handle tools himself, and to make plough-handles, and furniture for houses, and to plane the beams out of which the houses themselves were built.

His mother and father must have told him stories, as fathers and mothers of little boys will always do. At the end of the day when work was done and the shadows began to fall, Mary would gather him close to her and tell him the sweet old tales which had been handed down since a time so long ago that nobody could remember when they first were told. She would tell him of the Garden of Eden, and of the angel with the shining sword; of Noah and his ark and of all the animals marching in two by two when the flood began to rise; of Hannah and the little boy Samuel, who lived in the temple with Eli the priest. And when the little Jesus grew sleepy, I think that Mary would gather him into

Jesus a Boy in Nazareth

her arms and sing to him the brave old songs of Israel. And when she held him closest to her heart, she would sing very softly the song which she had sung that day when she had seen her vision of the angel:

My soul is praising the Lord,
And my spirit is so glad in God because He loved me.
For He looked on me who am only a lowly maiden,
And people now and people in all the years to come will call me
blessed.
God is mighty and He has done great things for me. His very
name is holy.
He is merciful to all who fear Him.
He has showed that He is stronger than those who think that they
are strong,
And He has scattered the people who have proud thoughts in their
hearts.
He has put down the boastful, and lifted up the lowly.
He has filled the hungry with good things, and He has sent the
rich empty away.
He has come to the help of His people Israel, for He has remem-
bered the mercy which He promised to our fathers, and to
their children for ever and ever.

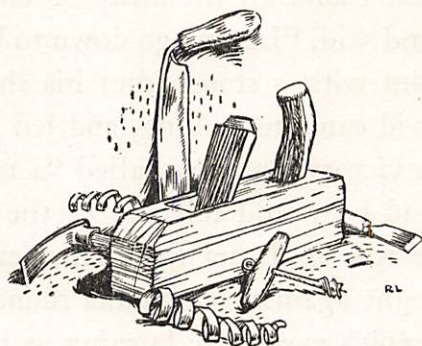
And Joseph, with the skilful hands which could fashion the wood in the carpenter shop according to his will, would tell stories also to the small boy sitting wide-eyed in the corner, or leaning against the bench and looking into his father's eyes. He would tell of Samson, who could wrestle with a lion, and could put to flight a whole army of the

Jesus a Boy in Nazareth

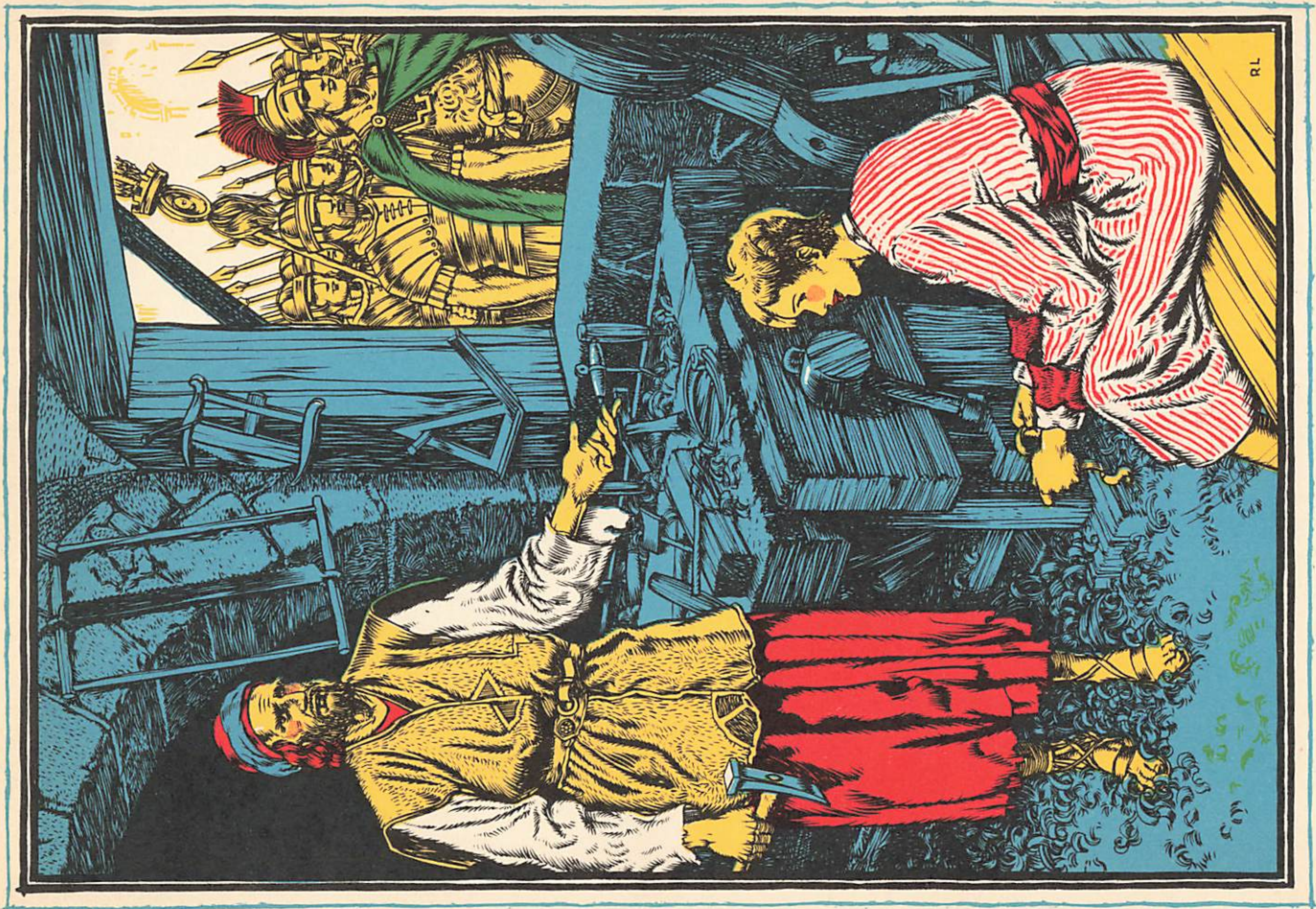
Philistines by his terrible strength. He would tell of David and of how he guarded his father's flocks in the pastures of Bethlehem, and of that brave day when he went down to the army of Saul and found all the army of Israel terrified by great Goliath, and said, "Let me go down to him," and went out and slew him with a stone from his shepherd's sling; and of how David came to be king, and led his soldiers this way and that to victory, and was called "a man after God's own heart." And he would tell also of the times not long ago when there rose in Israel the heroes called the Maccabees, who fought against the tyrants round about; and it may be that Joseph's eyes were burning as he told all this, for he wished that leaders like these might rise again to drive the Romans from the land.

Everybody in Nazareth was wishing that. Men hated to see the Roman soldiers marching on their roads, and hated to pay the taxes which their Roman masters had required. Boys in their games would play that they were fighting Romans, and Jesus was a boy among the other boys of Nazareth. Every boy imagines what he will be when he grows up; and what was Jesus imagining? Was he thinking of himself as a warrior—a soldier on horseback with a sword in his hand some day, the shouts of the people round him, and the banners of an army marching, marching, till the land of Israel should be free?

There are other things which we can know about Jesus when he was a boy, because of what we know of him when he was grown to be a man. In the spring-time he would



AND JOSEPH... WOULD TELL
STORIES ALSO TO THE BOY * *



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Jesus a Boy in Nazareth

watch the men who went out to the fields near Nazareth to sow the grain, and he was quick to see the different sorts of things that happened. Some of the seed fell on the paths where the ground was packed hard by the feet of those who had walked across it; and the flocks of birds which fluttered behind the sower swooped down and snatched that up. Some fell among the briars and weeds where it would be choked and never grow. Some fell on stony ground where it might begin to grow, but where it could never take deep enough root to live when the sun was very hot. Only a part of the seed fell on good ground and grew up to make a great harvest.

Another thing which Jesus noticed was that it was not always the largest seed which grew up into the largest plant. There was one called the mustard-seed, which was very tiny, yet when it had taken root it would grow up into one of the greatest of the bushes, so that many birds could build their nests in its branches. Jesus thought of this; and he understood that the looks of something may not show what it can be.

He must have loved birds, because he so often spoke of them; and again and again he used to speak of sheep, and of lambs, and of shepherds. On the hills round Nazareth, and among the grainfields and in the hedge-rows, he had watched the birds, and seen how they built their nests, and fed their young; and he had listened to their singing. And when he talked of the ways of shepherds, he talked not at second-hand, but as only those can talk who have been out themselves with the sheep. Sometime he must have helped

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to tend a flock in the high pastures round Nazareth. And he knew what it was like to sleep out under the stars by the fires which the shepherds lit to keep off some mountain lion whose stealthy feet might be prowling in the dark. He had followed lost lambs, and hunted for them in the hills; and he knew how a flock will answer its own shepherd's voice and not the voice of a stranger. He knew the dangers of wolves too, when they were hungry, and he learned from the kind of men who loved their flocks that a good shepherd will risk his own life rather than run away and leave his sheep.

There was another exciting thing which Jesus probably did with the other boys who were growing up in Nazareth. He went on treasure hunts—not play ones, but real ones. Down along the sea coast in certain parts of our own country there are tales of treasure which the pirates buried, of great chests of gold and silver coins and goblets and plates and rings and bracelets robbed from Spanish galleons, and hidden deep in the sand till the pirates could come back—which some of them never did—to divide the spoil. People used to go hunting for this treasure when now and again the story was whispered that it was near such and such a tree or yonder in a marsh that Captain Kidd or Blackbeard had sunk his iron chests; and some may even do it to this day. Now in the country where Jesus lived treasure has been buried too. The reason was that through hundreds and hundreds of years that country had been fought over by cruel armies which robbed and plundered whatever they could find. Up from

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Egypt in the south, or from Babylon and Nineveh in the east, or from the desert across the Jordan River, they would sweep in, and the people would bury all their best possessions till the danger had gone by. But sometimes a man who had buried his treasure would be killed or carried away captive so that he never came back; and since nobody else would know where his treasure was, it would be there lost and long-forgotten. Then, years and years afterward, somebody ploughing or digging in a field would happen upon it, and there before his astonished eyes it would glitter in the ground. In Nazareth there would be stories of how such and such a man had found treasure just that way; and boys in Nazareth, like boys in any other place, would be sure that they might find some too. We do not know that Jesus ever found any; but we do know that he began to think a great deal about what sort of things were worth being found. Presently, as we shall see, he had made up his mind that there are other treasures a great deal better to have than money and gold.

CHAPTER 4 ✧ ✧



JESUS + GOES + ON + A + JOYOUS + PILGRIMAGE + + + + +

AT FIRST JESUS had been alone with Mary and Joseph in the home at Nazareth. But afterwards other children came also. We do not know what the names of his sisters were, but the names of his brothers were James and Joses and Simon and Judas. As the eldest brother, he had to be the leader for the others; and that meant that he had to be very loving and often very patient. Probably these little brothers and sisters were not always easy to keep happy and agreeable.

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Perhaps Jesus was remembering them when he said once that some people were "like children playing in the market place." Sometimes they fall to quarrelling, and nothing suits. Some of them say to the others, "We started to play dancing, and we made music for you, but you would not dance. Then we said we would play funeral, but you would not do that either." No matter what it was, they still objected.

As Jesus grew older he helped his father in the carpenter shop, and learned to do all sorts of things with wood. He made the yokes that oxen wear; he made ploughs; he cut the beams for doors of houses, and fitted the doors in place. He knew also how the foundation of a house should be laid so that it would be safe in all sorts of weather. He saw that houses were different, and that people were different too. Some people who had no character were like houses with poor foundations. When trouble came they went down in a heap like houses built on sand and washed away in a flood.

Jesus knew a great many kinds of men and women; and he loved them, and many loved him. But he did not depend on other people to tell him what to think. Always he was wondering about things, and finding his own answers. He went to the school which all boys in Nazareth went to; and what was read there was mostly that part of the Bible which we call now the Old Testament, and especially the law which was said to have come down from the time of Moses—the law of God for the way the people were to behave. Many teachers had written down what they had studied about this law, and exactly what they thought it meant. There had

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grown to be a great deal of it, so that it was very hard to remember it all, and harder still to obey it. Jesus began to think that what God really wanted was very much simpler than all the teachers made it seem. They said that God had commanded that people's clothes must be worn exactly thus and so, and that when they washed their hands and their dishes there was a way of washing which was the only right one. But Jesus knew in his heart that God could not care most for things like these. What God cared for was what some of the teachers, busy with so many other ideas, forgot—that the heart must be kept clean from ugly thoughts and mean wishes; and that the way a person wore his clothes did not matter nearly so much as keeping a kind look on his face.

On the Sabbath Day (which is our Saturday, but was the day of worship for the people of Israel—and how we came to have Sunday as the Christian day of worship is another story that comes later in this book) Jesus used to go to the Nazareth church, which was called a synagogue; and there he would hear read not only the law, but also the writings of those great men of earlier years who were called the prophets. The prophets were men who loved truth so much and wanted so to understand the will of God that they knew more about God than any others; and they came to feel sure not only of some of the things which God had already done but of other things which some day He would do. And this was the greatest of the things which they believed—that God in His good time would send a leader to His people of

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Israel, who should deliver them out of every distress they might be suffering, and make them great among the peoples of the earth. Every one in Israel knew of that promise and loved to remember it. Mary knew of it; and in the vision which had come to her before Jesus was born, she had caught the wonderful hope that her own son might be this Deliverer; and she had kept that hope always in her heart. Now Jesus himself began to think and dream about the Deliverer who had been promised, and to wonder how and when he might come.

Thoughts like these were stirring in him when he had come to his twelfth birthday, and so was old enough—as people believed in Israel—to take a grown-up part in all the worship of the church. Down in Jerusalem was the beautiful Temple, which was thought of as the holiest spot in all the world; and to Jerusalem once in every so often through the year all Jewish people tried to go. There was one time above all other times when they wanted to go there. It was in the spring, about our April, at the Feast of the Passover. The Passover had been kept for hundreds and hundreds of years; and it had begun, men said, when Moses came to the people of Israel, who then were slaves in the land of Egypt, and had led them out of Egypt to a country of their own where they could be free. The Passover was the supper they ate before they started out of Egypt; and in memory of that, the Passover supper should be eaten by every Jewish family, with prayer and thanks to God, as often as the year rolled round.

To go up to Jerusalem for the Passover was the most

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joyous thing that any one could do. Neighbors and friends used to go together. From their home towns they would set out along the roads, camping at night under the open sky, until they came in sight of Jerusalem, where the white walls of the Temple were lifted like a crown upon the hills. On the way they would sing old songs and old hymns in chorus, and when they came near to Jerusalem these would rise like chants of triumph. The words of them are in the Old Testament, in the hymn-book which is called the Book of Psalms.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills!" one of them begins; and another begins:

I was glad when they said unto me,
Let us go into the house of the Lord.
Our feet shall stand in thy gates,
O Jerusalem.

And in another one the people sang:

They that trust in the Lord shall be as mount Zion,
which cannot be removed, but abideth forever.
As the mountains are round about Jerusalem,
so the Lord is round about His people
From henceforth even forevermore.

For Jesus it must have been a day all full of happiness and wonder when he started on this first pilgrimage to Jerusalem. From Nazareth the road led across the wide and fertile plain of Esdraelon. In the spring time it was bright with flowers and soft with fields of grain; but Jesus knew

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that this same gentle-looking country had been for more years than any one could remember a battle-ground where armies from near and far had fought. Here and there might be turned up from the earth a rusty spear-head which once had been carried by one of the dreadful soldiers of Assyria, or a piece of broken iron which had belonged to an Egyptian chariot wheel. And Gideon and Jonathan and David and other heroes of his own people Israel had fought upon these fields.

Past the plain of Esdraelon the road which the people from Nazareth took went toward the Jordan River, and across the river to the country on the other side. If Jesus asked them why they went over the river when they had to come back over it again to get to Jerusalem, the older people would explain to him that they did not want to go through the country of the Samaritans, which lay between Nazareth and Jerusalem on the near side of the river. The Samaritans, they said, were half-heathen folk who pretended to be as good as the Jews, but no Jew would admit it. The Jews, they said, despised the Samaritans, and the Samaritans hated the Jews. To Jesus, who had never despised or hated anybody, that seemed strange. He listened to what men said, and wondered; and years afterward, he was to show how differently he had been thinking.

But over the Jordan he went with Joseph and Mary and the neighbors from Nazareth, and along the course of the river that ran southward from where it had begun as a little stream on the slopes of the great snow-covered mountain peak of Hermon that rose shining yonder against the

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northern sky; and down along the Jordan, where the river cuts deeper and deeper into its valley, they held their way until they came to the fords of Jericho. There they came back across the river, and started the steep climb up the hill from the river to the heights where stands Jerusalem. And when at length they came to the top of what was called the Mount of Olives, there suddenly Jesus found himself looking across a little valley upon the walls and towers of the Holy City of which all his life he had heard.

In the evening, when the Passover began, Jesus ate the sacred supper somewhere in Jerusalem with his mother and father. He knew that all over the city, in every house, other families were doing just as they did—lighting a lamp as it grew dark, saying the same prayers, repeating the same words of blessing as the roasted lamb for the supper was put upon the table, with bread and a cup of wine. And he knew that everywhere thousands and thousands of his people, these people of Israel who believed that they were God's people, were remembering and thinking the same things. They would eat the Passover like men in haste, with their belts tightened and their sandals tied, because they were doing as their forefathers were said to have done on that night hundreds and hundreds of years before, when they all got ready swiftly and secretly to obey the command of Moses and to escape from Egypt into a land where they could be free. Now his people were not in Egypt; but still they were not free. He knew how men hated the Romans who ruled over them, and

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that they were asking bitterly whether they could ever be delivered from these masters as the Israelites under Moses had been delivered from the Egyptians long ago. And Jesus must have been wondering about this too.

When the days of the Passover were over, Mary and Joseph and all the neighbors of Nazareth started homeward from Jerusalem. They made altogether a good many people, and they might go along in different groups upon the road. It was nothing strange to Mary and Joseph that they did not see Jesus for a while. Friendly with everybody, he might be walking with any one of the little knots of the neighbors, they thought. But when everybody halted to make camp for the night, they expected to see him, and he did not come. Anxiously then they began to ask everywhere if any one had seen him, but no one had. Alarmed, they turned back to Jerusalem to try to find him; and searching anxiously they came at length to the Temple. There, to their amazement, he was—and not wandering about, but in the place where the very wise teachers of the law who had read and studied all the books were gathered. Jesus was in their midst, listening to them and asking them questions. By this time his mother must have been so anxious that when she found him she hardly knew what to say. "Son," she cried, "why have you treated us so? Your father and I have been looking for you in distress!" But Jesus was surprised that they had not known where he would be. "Why did you have to hunt for me?" he said. "Didn't you know that I would be in my Father's house?"

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But he did not want them to be distressed. He went back to Nazareth with them, and in the Gospel of St. Luke it is written that "he was subject unto them," and that "he increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man."

CHAPTER*5*



JESUS + LEAVES + NAZARETH, AND + MEETS + JOHN + THE + BAPTIST

WHEN JESUS was a boy in Nazareth, something happened which brought to all the country round it both anger and fear. The Jewish people were always restless because the Romans had come into their country. Every now and then some hotblooded leader gathered other men around him and tried to start a war which might drive the Romans out. There was one such man named Judas who dared this, and the place where he fought was only a little way from

Jesus and John the Baptist

Nazareth. A new city named Sepphoris had been built in Galilee by Herod, and in Sepphoris many weapons were stored. Judas tried to capture the city and to get these weapons—these spears and swords and lances—with which to arm his men. But a Roman legion marched against him and defeated him, and the city of Sepphoris was set on fire. When any attack like this was made upon them, the Romans could be very cruel. They thought they would make such an example that everybody would be terrified. So they took all the soldiers of Judas whom they captured and nailed them to crosses by the roadside, and there they hung until they died. From the hills above the town the people of Nazareth could see the flames of the burning city of Sepphoris, and if they walked on the near-by roads they could see the men who had been crucified. For all we know, some of these men may have come from Nazareth. They may have been neighbors of Jesus.

The four Gospels, which are the stories which have come to us in the New Testament of the life of Jesus, do not tell us of anything else that he did between the time when he was twelve years old and went to Jerusalem for the Passover and the time—of which we shall hear presently—when he was thirty, or nearly that, and went away from Nazareth. But we can imagine what he was thinking in those years. He was working out in his own mind the answers to the sort of questions he had asked himself at the Passover. What was the real law of God for the life of His people? What was the sort of goodness God desired? And what was God's pur-

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pose for the people of Israel? How could they be free, and how could they be happy? And for himself, what did God want of *him*? It is certain that Jesus must have been thinking, and thinking, and thinking again of all these things. While his hands were busy with the fragrant wood in the carpenter shop, his thoughts were going far beyond his doors. And when he walked up alone to the hills above Nazareth, he looked out at a great view of land and sea that lay below—looked down toward the old battlefield of Esdraelon, to ancient towns and to new cities which had been built since the Romans came, to roads where the sunlight might be flashing on the helmets of Roman soldiers passing by, and far off to the shining rim of the sea across which came the galleys, rowed by the oars of captives caught in war. Seeing all that, he asked himself again about the Kingdom of God, and of how it should be different from this kingdom which the Romans had set up.

Meanwhile, the years went by, and he was living and working quietly in Nazareth. He was going to do great things, but he did not hurry. When God's time came for him to begin, he would know it.

Then at last the news came to Nazareth that a great new preacher had appeared, and that people were flocking excitedly to hear him. They called him John the Baptist, because he was telling the people that they must be baptized by him in the Jordan River where he was preaching, as a sign that they wanted to have all their sins made clean. But

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this John the Baptist was not somebody unknown to Jesus. It was that same John, the son of the old priest Zacharias, whose mother was Elisabeth, his own mother's cousin.

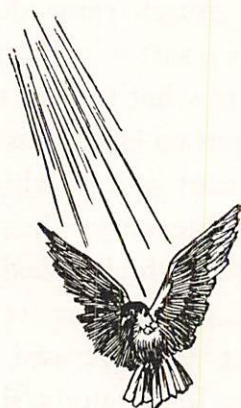
It is possible that Jesus had never seen John. He himself had grown up in Nazareth, which was in Galilee, to the north: and John had grown up in another part of the country to the south. Moreover, after he was grown, John had gone off into the wilderness to live. He was the sort of man who likes to be alone.

But now John had come back where people were and had begun preaching. He stood by the fords of the Jordan, where many travellers passed, and so news of him was carried everywhere. The thing which excited everybody most was that he said the Kingdom of God was about to come. Men had different views of what that meant. Some thought there would be a miraculous sign in the sky, and that everything on earth would be made different. Some thought a great warrior would arise, who should be sent from God to overcome all the enemies of Israel and to set the people free. Some thought John himself might be the leader they were looking for. They began to ask him, "Are you the Messiah?"

But John said he was not the Messiah. He was only like a man who prepares a road along which some one else is to come. What he had to do, he said, was to persuade people to make themselves fit to be in God's Kingdom when this began. People who were doing wrong things must stop, and begin to do right. He told the soldiers to stop being cruel, and the men who gathered the taxes to stop being greedy, and those who had possessions to stop being selfish,

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and to be generous, instead, to those who had less. But the people he spoke most sternly to were the men who liked to seem very pious and good, but really were not so at all. Some of the leaders of the church came down from Jerusalem, thinking that John was a sort of wild man out of the desert, and they would listen to what he had to say and if they did not like it they would put an end to his preaching. But John met them with indignant words which took their breath away. He was not frightened by them in the least, and he spoke to them in a way in which nobody had spoken to them in all their lives before. There they were in their long robes, feeling very important as the crowd made way for them respectfully; but when John caught sight of them what he said was this, "You are a brood of snakes!" And he wanted to know who had told them to escape before they got in trouble. He said that they were the sort of people who boasted that they were descended from Abraham. Well, there was nothing to boast of in that. God, if He chose, could take the stones there in Jordan River and make them into people as good as those who boasted about being Abraham's children. Times of judgment were coming, like the times when men go through an orchard and cut down all the trees which do not bear fruit. These people who had come down from Jerusalem had better look to themselves and see that they were like trees that should bear good fruit, or else they would soon find themselves like the trees which are cut down and thrown into the fire. Of course the proud people to whom John spoke in this fashion flushed and were very angry; but there was nothing they could do or say, for the crowd was



"BEHOLD," HE SAID REVERENTLY,
"THE LAMB OF GOD!" * * * *

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delighted that John was so fearless, and they admired him all the more. They were sure now that something very great would happen because of John's preaching.

But what did happen was different from what they expected. Jesus came. Most of the people down by the Jordan River had never heard of Jesus, because he had been living in little Nazareth where few of them had ever been. But Jesus, having heard of John's preaching, went to the Jordan Valley; and as soon as John saw him, he knew that Jesus must be the One greater than himself who he had always said would come. "Behold," he said very reverently, "the Lamb of God!"

Then Jesus told John that he wanted to be baptized. John objected. He looked at Jesus, and he saw his face so beautiful and so strong that he could not understand why Jesus should be baptized like all the ordinary people who knew that they were not what they should be. "It is I who need to be baptized by you," said John, "and why do you come to me?" But Jesus held to his purpose. He wanted to be baptized by John, like the rest of the people, because he wanted to show that he joined himself with them in all the hopes for the coming of God's Kingdom which John had preached. The Kingdom he believed in was a different sort of kingdom from the sort which most of them desired; but of that they should learn by and by.

So John baptized Jesus there by the banks of the Jordan River; and in the heart of Jesus there was a great joy. He heard the voice of God, his Father, speak to him as plainly

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as though there were a voice speaking from the sky. God speaks that way in the hearts of many who will listen, for all who are born into this world are the children of God; but Jesus listened and heard Him best. He knew that as God's great Son he would have power from the Father to carry out the work that should be given him to do.

But he must be sure now at the beginning exactly what God's purpose for him was. Many people never try to find God's purpose. They go this way or that by accident. They are blown here or there by little changing notions, like ships without a rudder blown by shifting winds. They do today what seems to be convenient, and something else tomorrow; or they do what other people make them do. But Jesus would not leave his life to chance. He would use it in God's way. So he went away from the Jordan Valley and the crowd who were gathered there. He went out into that same lonely country where John the Baptist had lived for a long time. He must be by himself, with nothing but the bare hills around him and the great sky overhead. There he could think and pray.

CHAPTER*6*



JESUS + CHOOSES + HIS + WAY + AND + CALLS
OTHERS + TO + COME + WITH + HIM + + +

I
N THE BARREN country Jesus stayed for a long time—for forty days, according to the Gospels of Matthew and Mark and Luke. And there he went through what the Gospels call his temptation. They put it into a story, and tell how Satan himself came and talked with him and tried to persuade him to take the devil's way. But Satan cannot be seen with the eyes. He comes and whispers in the heart, and with his whispering tries to make the one who listens think that something is good which is not good at all.

So this evil thought and evil voice, which some call

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Satan and some call the Tempter, first said to Jesus: "If you are God's Son, then command that the stones here in the wilderness turn into bread."

Jesus had been then in the wilderness many days, and he had had little to eat. He fasted from food because he wanted so much to think and to pray that food did not concern him. But the time came when hunger could not be forgotten. And Jesus remembered also all the hungry people of his world, people who worked so hard and got so little and paid such heavy taxes that they often did not have enough to eat. And the tempting voice said, "If God really cares and if you are His Son, then you ought to be able to perform a miracle and make bread out of stones. You ought to make your own life easy, and the life of other people also. You might make all the poor people comfortable, and even rich. Think how popular you would be then, and how everybody would do what you might say."

But Jesus knew that though this had a smooth sound, it was false. He could not begin by making people comfortable. Then they would begin to follow him only for the convenient things he could give. His best work would not be to help people get more food into their stomachs. It would be to help them get more of the love and joy of God into their hearts. So he said in reply to the voice which had spoken to him: "Man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

Then the Tempter tried again. "If you won't make the people comfortable," he said, "then stir them up to fight for

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a kingdom. They want a leader who can show them how to destroy their enemies. The Romans are in the land, and they ought to be driven out. The people want Messiah, a Messiah with a sword. Why not be the kind of Messiah that leads?"

Jesus had thought of that before—thought of it many a time as he looked down from the hills around Nazareth upon all the wide signs of the Roman rule. And now in a vision he seemed to see that, and more. It was as though he stood upon a mountaintop and saw all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them; and he heard the voice of the Tempter saying, "All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me." That is, if he would act in the way which the world would call common sense, he could have the world's rewards. He was strong and fearless, and he could lead men. Was it God's purpose for him that he should call his people to a war, and by God's help, drive the Romans out and make himself a king in Palestine? Then people would listen to him and obey him. If he wanted to get them to listen, was this not the surest way?

But this idea too, though it sounded so convincing, Jesus put aside. He saw that nothing which will last can be built out of war and cruelty. He could not get people to love God by first stirring them up to hate their enemies. The people of Israel must be free by first deserving to be free; and he himself must help to set their hearts free from sin, and so from fear. He must not stoop to worship false ideas of how to be great. So he answered to the tempting voice, "It is written, 'Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve.'"

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But there was still one more temptation.

"Well," said the voice, "you have shown that you mean to do only what you think is the will of God. Then you have a right to expect that God shall protect you. Whatever you do, He would keep you safe. If you went up to the highest point of the great walls of the Temple and threw yourself down, God would send His angels to take care of you, so that you should not get so much as a bruise against a stone."

That sounded very religious. Surely it would be right to trust God. But Jesus saw how the Tempter was trying to twist the truth. It was right to trust God; but that did not mean that it was right to insist that God must bring things out by the easiest way. In this world as it is, it may have to cost something to be good. Jesus would not let it seem that if all went smoothly for him, then it was plain that God did love him; but that if things did not go smoothly, then there was something wrong with God. "Thou shalt not make trial of the Lord thy God," he said.

He would not have any "if" in his trust in God. To tell the truth to people, and to try to make wrong things right, might lead him into danger, and even to death. Very well, into danger and death if necessary he would go, trusting God none the less, and thanking God for courage and for strength. Even if it should happen that he must be crucified, still he would know that he was God's Son, chosen for heroic faithfulness.

The temptations were finished. Jesus had said "no" not only to what might be evil but to whatever was second-best. He would do what he thought God wanted, and only that.

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And now by the great peace and power that came to him he knew more surely than ever that he was God's beloved Son, and that the Father had sent him to help and save His other children. Heaven seemed so near to him that it was no wonder the Gospels say that "angels came and ministered unto him."

From the Valley of the Jordan Jesus went back to Galilee, and there the first thing he did was to gather round him some men who were to be his closest friends, and were to learn from him and to love him until they should be able and ready to tell everybody about him and about what he had showed of God. The earliest of these men were two pairs of brothers: Simon and Andrew; and James and John, whose father was named Zebedee.

One day Jesus was walking along the beautiful water which is called the Lake of Galilee, and there in their fishing-boats, drawing their nets not far from shore, were Simon and Andrew. Probably they had never had any idea but that they would be busy at work like this as long as they lived; but Jesus had other work for them to do. "Come with me," he called, "and I will make you fishers of men."

They looked up at him, as he smiled at them. They did not know exactly what he meant, but one thing they did know; and that was that they wanted to be with Jesus and to do what he said more than they wanted anything else. So they drew in their nets, headed their boat inshore, stepped out, and went with Jesus.

A little farther along the shore, Jesus saw James and

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John in a boat, with some hired men, mending their nets. He said to them what he had said to Simon and Andrew; and these other two brothers also left their boats and their nets and came with Jesus. These four were his first disciples, and the most important ones; and Simon was to be in many ways the most important of them all. Jesus gave him another name, Peter, which means a rock. At first Peter did not seem to match his name. He was the sort of man who makes quick promises, but sometimes is afraid then to carry them out. He seemed more like sand than like a rock. But Jesus was to make him at last a man who should be equal to his name. He should become so strong and true that other people could build their faith upon him, as men build their houses safe upon the foundation of a rock.

Then Jesus began to go among the towns and villages and to say to the people, "The Kingdom of God is at hand. Repent, and believe in the gospel."

That word "gospel" means "good news." And it was good news that Jesus brought. He wanted people to know that God was their Father; that he wanted them to live, as God's children should, with happy goodness; and that God would give them strength and joy. Also, since everything was in God's hands, both for this world and for the next, nothing could hurt them, not even death itself, if they did God's will and trusted to His care.

Many of those who listened to Jesus thought this was the most beautiful message they had ever heard. They knew they were not very good, and that they had done things that

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were wrong; and the usual teaching of the religious people had made them feel how bad they were, and that there was not much that could be done about it. But Jesus made them feel that God loved them anyway; and as they looked at Jesus, they suddenly saw how wonderful it would be to be strong and true and kind as he was, and at the same time they began to believe that God himself would help them to change and begin to be like that. Also, they had been lonely and often afraid. It seemed as though they did not count for much, and as though things in general were against them. But Jesus made them feel that God was on their side, and that with God everything was possible. They could tell the difference between what Jesus said and what all the other sort of teachers said. These others, who were called the scribes, were men who were always reading laws out of books and telling people to mind those—which they never could, because there were so many. But Jesus read straight out of his own heart what God was putting there. The people looked into his clear eyes and heard the ring in his voice and knew that he was sure of what he said. They told one another, "He speaks with authority, and not as the scribes."

CHAPTER * 7 *



SICK + PEOPLE + ARE + MADE + WELL, BUT
STUBBORN + PEOPLE + GROW + ANGRY +

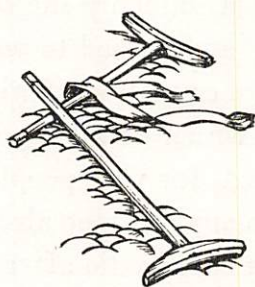
PEOPLE BEGAN to love Jesus too because he was tender-hearted to everybody's needs. Whenever any one was sick or distressed, he was quick to want to help. He trusted in a power of God that would work through him, and the power was there. One day in the town of Capernaum he went into the synagogue, and there was a man who was out of his mind. Jesus looked into the man's eyes, and spoke to his poor, troubled spirit; and suddenly the man came back to his senses, as well as he had ever been. Another day he went to

Sick People Made Well

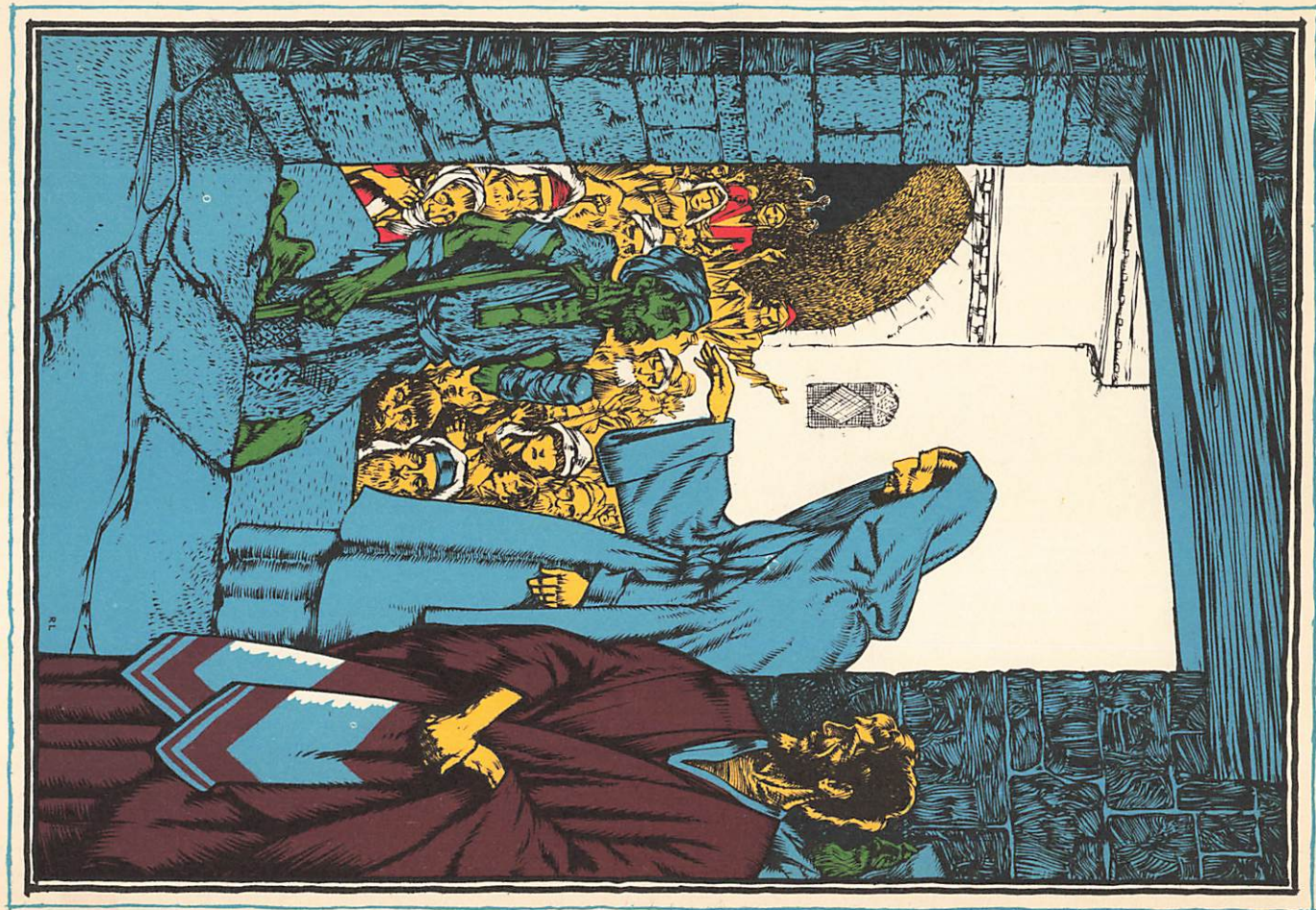
Simon Peter's house, and Peter's wife's mother had a fever and was sick in bed. But Jesus went and stood by her; and just the look of him and the sound of his voice made her feel so much better that suddenly she said, "My fever is all gone," and she got up and helped to serve the dinner.

Another day there came toward him on the road a man who had the leprosy, which of all the diseases in the world was the one most feared, for well people thought they could catch the leprosy from any one who already had it, and whoever had it was almost sure to die after long months of pain that grew worse and worse. Lepers therefore were forbidden to come anywhere near well people. If a leper was on the road and saw any one else coming, he had to begin to give a warning cry, "Unclean, unclean!" But this leper, when he saw Jesus, came running straight up to him, and dropped on his knees before him. He said to Jesus, "If you only will, you can cure me of this leprosy. You can make me clean!" And Jesus said, "I will. You shall be clean." And when the man got up, the awful white spots of leprosy on his skin were disappearing; and he went rejoicing everywhere and telling everybody he saw that Jesus had made him well.

Of course the news of how Jesus had healed these sick people stirred a great wonder and excitement in the country. Other sick people flocked wherever Jesus was, because they believed that there was a power of love and help in him which would cure them too. On the evening after he had healed the mother of Peter's wife, a multitude of men and women who were suffering with all sorts of troubles, both of



A MULTITUDE OF MEN AND WOMEN
...CROWDED ABOUT THE DOOR ++



Sick People Made Well

mind and body, crowded about the door of the house where Jesus was, and many of them were made well. And on another day when it was rumored that he was in Capernaum and had gone into a certain house, there came four men bringing a friend of theirs who was sick with palsy. There was such a crowd about the house that these men could not get near Jesus. So what they did was to climb up outside to the flat roof which all the houses in that eastern country had, hoist their sick friend with them, and take off some of the tiles which formed the roof, and let the sick man down on his pallet in front of Jesus. When he saw what great faith these men had, he said to the sick man lying there, "My son, your sins are forgiven." Some of the scribes standing by who were jealous of Jesus and did not like him were offended because he said that the sick man's sins were forgiven. No one could forgive sins, they said, except God. But Jesus, whose quick eyes could read men's thoughts in their faces, said to them: "Why do you secretly think what you are thinking? Which is easier, to say to this man sick of the palsy, 'Your sins are forgiven,' or to say 'Rise, take up your bed and walk'? I will show you that the Son of Man has power to set a man free from his sins." And then he turned to the sick man and he said, "I tell you, rise, take up your bed, and go to your house." Immediately the man took up the pallet on which he had been lowered through the roof, and went out before the eyes of the astonished crowd.

"The Son of Man" Jesus had called himself. That was a name which was used sometimes to refer to the Messiah, the Deliverer sent from God who would save the people.

Sick People Made Well

When the sick people pressed around Jesus as they did, it was not easy for him. He pitied them so much and gave them so much of his own strength that often at the end of the day he must go himself and be made strong again. So what he did was to leave the towns and take his way out to some quiet edge of the lake or off to some lonely hill; and there in the stillness he would spend long hours praying. Thus he would gain from God his Father the gladness and the power which he could give next day to men.

But he did not want either that the people should come to him only in order to be healed. He had great pity for any one and every one who was sick; but he knew that even more important than helping people out of their sickness was helping them to get rid of their sins. He wanted their hearts to be filled with the love of God because he knew that if this was so then they could be glad, whether their bodies were well or not. So he went about many of the towns in Galilee, preaching of the Kingdom of God, and helping to make people see what a wonderful thing it was to have their lives fit to be in the sort of world God wanted. To be a part of the Kingdom, he said, was better than finding the greatest jewel in all the world. It was better than discovering a treasure buried in a field. When he said that, he was remembering, perhaps, how boys in Nazareth had hunted here and there for hidden treasure; and he meant that to discover the love of God was more exciting than any other sort of treasure-hunt had ever been.

But he saw that not all people listened in the same way

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to his teaching. He remembered how it used to be when he had seen a man in the springtime sowing seed in the fields near Nazareth, or how it was again in the spring of any year when one might look up and see a sower on a near-by hill. Just as the seed fell on different places, and some of it was snatched up by the birds, and some could not take root because it fell among stones, and some of it was choked by weeds and briars, so the seed of the words he spoke fell differently in different people's hearts. Sometimes it was snatched away by other careless thoughts which flew off with it, as birds fly off from the field. Sometimes it was kept from growing by the hardness of hearts that did not care. Sometimes it was choked by the weeds of other stronger wishes—the wishes which people had to be rich or to be comfortable more than they wished to be good. But sometimes his teaching would fall like the seed on good ground, and then it would spring up and bear the fruit of brave and happy living.

Jesus used to teach the people also that they must be better than some of those who pretended to be very good. He said that some of the leaders of the Church prayed a great many prayers, but did not really love God, and sometimes gave charities not because they had any love for people who were poor but because they wanted the crowd to admire their giving.

He taught them also that it is not only what a person does that matters; it is what he is thinking in his heart. To have thoughts which are evil—impure, or cruel and full of hate—is to make the whole life evil. And if the thoughts are good, then what a person does will naturally be good; and

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he made it plain that good people are what this world needs more than it needs anything else. They are like salt, he said, which keeps things from spoiling. They are like the light of a lamp which drives away the darkness and makes the place where it is lighted warm and safe. They are like a city set on a hill, which nobody can fail to see.

He showed also how it is only goodness that makes people happy; and the kind of goodness he meant is expressed in these words of his which have been called "the Beatitudes":

Blessed,—he said,—are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Or, to put it in shorter words, it is as though he had said:

If you want to be glad and if you want to be blessed, then do not be afraid of difficulties and disappointments, but keep a mind that is ready to learn, and a pure heart, and a quiet spirit. Be kind to other people, and help to spread

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friendliness everywhere. And never mind if you run against some hard things in the way of being good, and never mind if other people say things about you which are not true. Keep on wanting to be good as much as a hungry man wants bread and a thirsty man wants water, and God will give you His great reward of joy.

While he was teaching and preaching in the towns of Galilee, Jesus went back to his own old home town of Nazareth. It was on the day of worship when he arrived and he went into the synagogue just as his habit in other years had been. As he sat there and the service had begun, the minister of the synagogue asked him to read the lesson from the Bible. So Jesus unrolled the parchment on which in those days the writings were. He began to read from the book of the prophet Isaiah: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised." He rolled the parchment up again and gave it back to the minister, and all the people in the synagogue gazed at him, with the sound of his voice still ringing in their ears. They were feeling very proud of him. He had grown up in their own town. He and his father Joseph had been their neighbors, and now he was beginning to be famous all over Galilee. It made them feel important to think how important he was beginning to be. But this did not mean that they were ready to obey his teaching if he should ask of them anything they did not want to do already.

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Jesus understood what they were thinking. They wanted him to show in Nazareth what astonishing miracles he could do. So he began to say to them there in the synagogue that he knew they were wondering why he did not do in Nazareth the great things which they had heard that he had done in Capernaum. But he said that no prophet is believed in his own country, and he went on to show them how often in the old days this had been true. He knew that when all was said and done they would not listen to him very much. They would be angry if he dared to show them that God had greater purposes for them than they had ever seen. They did not want to be made different. They would say to him: "You came out of Nazareth, and why should you teach us? We are as good as you."

And the fact was just as Jesus thought it would be. When he began to teach the people in the synagogue, they were annoyed. Presently they grew so angry that they rose up threateningly and tried to carry Jesus off to the top of the hill and throw him down from the cliff. But when he turned and faced them, there was something in the look of him which made them all draw back. Calmly he went through the crowd that parted to let him pass.

His own home people had not understood him and would not hear him. He went out of Nazareth, and so far as we know, he never came back again.

CHAPTER * 8 *



PEOPLE + WHO + DID + NOT + LIKE + JESUS, AND + THE + REASONS + WHY

WHEN JESUS LEFT Nazareth, he returned to the country round the Lake of Galilee.

The blue waters of the lake lie there, with the hills around them, just as they did when Jesus walked along their shore. At one end of the lake the upper stream of the Jordan River runs into it, coming down from the springs on the slopes of the great snowy peak of Mount Hermon, which glistens against the northern sky; and at the other end, the lower stream of the Jordan runs out, down through a deep

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valley past Jericho to the Dead Sea. It is not a very large lake nor yet a very small one either; from end to end it is about thirteen miles, and about eight miles across. Like all lakes set in the midst of hills, it has storms which are sudden and dangerous: for over the hills the wind drops down in heavy squalls, and the waves rise quickly and run high. Men had to know what they were about if they wanted to sail there safely, and to keep their fishing boats from being sunk.

But though the lake itself is the same lake which Jesus saw, the look of its shores is different. Larger towns were there in his time than now, and more people. In the long years since, many wars and other troubles have destroyed what used to be there. But in those days, the roads which the Romans had built ran along the shore, and there was much coming and going of caravans from Egypt and from Damascus and from the countries to the east. All sorts of people might be seen in the streets of Capernaum and of the other towns by the lake—Roman soldiers, merchants from distant lands, camel drivers with their camels, scribes and Pharisees in their long robes, or a priest who had come up from Jerusalem.

Many of the people listened to Jesus as he spoke and many of them loved him. But there were others who watched him with envy and dislike. Particularly the Pharisees and the scribes and the priests did that.

The Pharisees and the scribes were the men who were interested above everything in what they called the law of Moses. They said that ever since the time of Moses, more than a thousand years before, it had been decided exactly

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how people must behave every hour of the day if they were to please God. They said Jesus did not keep this law. One part of the law was about fasting. On such and such days people must not eat any food, or only food of a special kind; and they complained that Jesus and his disciples were not fasting in the proper way. Another very strict law was about the Sabbath day. On that day they said that nobody must do any work at all. One Sabbath day in the synagogue Jesus healed a man who had been crippled, and the Pharisees and scribes at once were angry; for they said he broke the Sabbath law. But Jesus had a different thought. He said that the trouble with the scribes and Pharisees was that they kept the little laws and forgot the great ones. The one real thing which every one ought to do was to love God, and to be loving to other people for God's sake. Fasting might be all very well, but if fasting made anybody long-faced and dismal it was better not to think so much about fasting and to be joyful, as his disciples were. It was right to make the Sabbath day a day of rest; but to say that healing a poor sick man on the Sabbath was work and that therefore God forbade it, was foolish. God is not that sort of God, said Jesus. He is the Father who cares for all His children, and a law which would keep any one back from doing an act of loving mercy is not a law of God.

So Jesus went on his free and joyous way, following the one great law which his own heart had learned from God—the law of kindness, which made him go about everywhere doing good. But the scribes and Pharisees were much irri-

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tated. They did not understand him, and they told each other that he was a dangerous person; and they wished that something would happen to him so that he could not teach the people any more.

The other persons who did not like him were the priests. They were the men who had charge of the great Temple in Jerusalem. A good deal of business went on around the Temple. People who came there to worship had to buy sacrifices, and they had to change their ordinary money for special money which was used in the Temple. Some of this money came to the priests for their living, so they had a special reason for wanting a great many people to come to the Temple. Besides, they said that all good people ought to worship at the Temple, for good people always had. And here was Jesus teaching people ideas which might make them less particular about coming. He was saying that it was more important to be kind and merciful than to offer sacrifices. He said that if a man had come to the very steps of the altar in the Temple to bring an offering and suddenly remembered some wrong he had done to another person, he had better forget all about the offering until he had gone to that person and set the wrong thing right. He said that God cared more for goodness than he did for gifts. But the priests frowned when they heard that. They said, just as the scribes and Pharisees said, that Jesus was dangerous.

Another thing they did not like about Jesus was the sort of people he went with. They were very particular about their reputations; and they would not be seen in company with anybody who was not respectable, for fear lest it should

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be whispered that they were not respectable themselves. But here was Jesus talking with all sorts of strange persons, and even going into their houses, and sitting down at their tables to eat. Worst of all, he actually called as one of his disciples a man they would not have so much as spoken to. This man, whose name was Matthew, was collector of taxes, and if there was one sort of person whom the people of Israel hated and despised more than another, it was a tax-collector. Tax collecting was thought to be a mean, dishonest business: and so anybody who was a tax-collector must be a bad man. But Jesus knew that a man might be a great deal better than the business he happened to be in. One day at the gate of a town he looked at Matthew, and he saw that Matthew was the sort of man who could love and follow him. So he called him, as he had already called Simon Peter and Andrew and James and John, and as he was to call also seven others to be his nearest friends. Matthew left his tax-collecting to go with Jesus. But first he had a great banquet at his house to which he invited all the people he had known best, and to which he invited Jesus. When Jesus went, the scribes and Pharisees and priests were shocked. They said he must have very careless ideas to associate with people like that. They made a great scandal out of it. Jesus, they said, must like to eat and drink too much, or he would not be going with these disorderly low-class people. They would never have gone, they said. And that was true. They would not have gone because they did not care about people; and also because they were so timid about their reputations that they would not risk it. But Jesus went because he loved people and because he was

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not afraid. He did not have any secret things in his own life to be ashamed of (as many of the scribes and Pharisees did), and so nothing they might whisper against him could hurt him, for none of it would be true. He was not thinking of himself but of those he might help. Suppose that Matthew's friends were people who had done wrong things. He would help them to be sorry and to want to do right. If they had been what the neighbors called bad people he would encourage them to be good. "It is not well people who need doctors," he said, "but sick ones." The Pharisees and scribes were like doctors who would be afraid to go to some one with a dangerous disease for fear lest they might catch it. Jesus knew that he was too strong for any evil to hurt him, and all he thought of was how his friendliness could help.

Meanwhile, by stories which he was told and by the way he talked to people when they gathered round to listen, Jesus was showing them what it was that made him so full of mercy and compassion. He said that the reason he loved people was because God loved them; and it was this love of God that filled his heart. If he cared for everybody, including those whom the pious folk called sinners, it was because God cared; and he said that God is never forgetful of those who need Him most.

He made this so plain to people that nobody could help but understand. In those days, women used sometimes to wear a crown of little silver coins about their hair, and they prized it very much. Suppose, said Jesus, a woman lost one

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of these coins. Even if she still had the rest, wouldn't she light a candle, and sweep in all the dark corners, and search everywhere for the lost one? And when she found it, she would be so glad that she would call the good news to all her neighbors, until all the neighborhood was happy with her. That is the way God's angels feel, said Jesus, when one single human heart which had got lost from God is found again.

Or suppose, he said, that there is a shepherd with a hundred sheep, and one of them wanders off into the wilds. The shepherd does not say to himself that because he still has ninety-nine sheep safe in the fold, the lost one does not matter. No, but he goes out searching over hill and valley until he finds it, and if it is too tired and too frightened to walk, he lays it on his own shoulder and brings it home. Then he too is full of happiness because he has found his lost sheep, and so is every one who hears of it. And that also is the way it is, said Jesus, among the angels of God when one poor somebody who has wandered off into the ways of wrong is found and brought home to God.

Another story also he told to them of how God still loves, no matter what may happen. It is called "The Parable of the Prodigal Son." Once, said Jesus, there was a father who had two sons; and one day the younger son asked his father to give him everything that would ever belong to him and to let him go away. So his father divided what he had and gave to this younger son his part. What should he do then but gather up all his money and everything he could carry

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and set off into another country far away. And there he began to be so wild and reckless that soon he had squandered all his money, and had nothing left.

At that same time there fell a famine upon that country, which meant that food was so scarce that only those who were rich could buy it. But the boy who had been rich was not rich now. He was poor and miserable; and all he could do was to hire himself out to a man who sent him into the fields to take care of pigs; and all he had to eat was what he could pick up when the pigs were fed.

Then one day he came to himself. He remembered that he was his father's son; and that in his father's house even the servants had bread in plenty to eat. So he made up his mind that he would get up and go back to his father. He would tell his father that he knew that he had done wrong both in God's sight and in his father's. He was not fit any more to be his father's son. But perhaps his father would let him be one of his hired servants. So he did start home.

And when at last he came toward his father's house, though he was even yet a long way off, his father saw him, and ran to meet him, and threw his arms about his neck, and kissed him. Then the son said, "Father, I have sinned against God, and in your eyes, and I am no more fit to be called your son." But before he could finish what else he had meant to say, his father called to his servants: "Go bring the calf we have been fattening, and kill it, so that we may have a feast and be joyful! For this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found!" So they all began to be merry.

People Who Did Not Like Jesus

But the elder son was out in the fields: and as he drew near the house, he heard music and dancing. He called one of the servants and asked him what all this meant. "Your brother is come," said he, "and your father has killed the fatted calf because he has recovered him safe and sound!" But when the elder son heard that, he was so angry that he would not go into the house.

Then his father came out and pleaded with him. But he said to his father, "Look, I have served you all these years and have never disobeyed one word of yours! But though you never gave me so much as a kid for me to make merry with my friends, when this son of yours is come, this son who has wasted your money with bad people, you have killed for him the fatted calf!"

But the father answered, "My son, you are always with me. Everything I have is yours. It was right for us all to make merry and be glad. For this your brother was dead, and is alive again. He was lost, and he is found."

CHAPTER 9



THE + FRIENDS + OF + JESUS + AND + THE + WON-
DERFUL + THINGS + HE + DID + FOR + THEM +

LIKE THE SHEPHERD who went after lost and lonely sheep, Jesus was always helping some one in distress. Even when he went apart to rest, he could not turn away from any one who needed him.

One day he got into a ship with his disciples and crossed over the lake to the country on the other side where people did not know him. He thought that for a little while he could be quiet there. But the ship had scarcely been drawn

The Friends of Jesus

up upon the shore when there came running toward him and the disciples a terrifying figure. It was a crazy man, who lived on the rocky hills above the shore and slept in the caves where the dead were buried. People in the near-by towns were afraid of him; and several times they had put chains on him and fastened him up, which was the cruel way men took in those days with poor creatures who had gone out of their minds. But Jesus was not frightened or excited, but only very pitying. He looked straight into the face of this wild man as he came screaming down the hill. He asked him what his name was, and the man said he did not have any name. No,—yes,—he had a thousand names; he was full of devils, he said, and he had as many names as there were devils. All the while, Jesus' steady eyes were looking at him, and his quiet voice was answering. The evil spirits should come out of the man, he said. The man should be himself again. And there was something so strong and sure in Jesus and in the way he spoke that the poor wild creature stood still and trembled. Suddenly all the wildness left him. He came back to his senses like any other man.

Then he was so full of love and thanks to Jesus that he begged that he might go **with him** wherever he went.

But not so with the other people of the neighborhood. There had been a herd of pigs feeding on the hills, and what with the screaming of the madman and all the commotion he made, they took fright and rushed off down the hill till they tumbled over a steep cliff and were drowned in the lake. When the men who owned the pigs heard of that, they were indignant. The wild man was healed, but the pigs were



ALL THE WHILE, JESUS' STEADY
EYES WERE LOOKING AT HIM * *



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drowned; and they were more interested in the pigs than in that person. They saw that if it had not been for Jesus, they would not have lost their pigs: and they asked him to go out of their country. And so other people who might have been helped by Jesus in that neighborhood could not be helped; and many who might have heard him, now would never hear him at all.

But when Jesus went back across the lake again, many were waiting for him there. In the crowd there came a woman who had been sick for a long time with a trouble which no doctors seemed to be able to cure. She thought to herself that if she could only come close enough to Jesus to touch his clothes, this would make her well. Eagerly, therefore, she stretched her hand out and touched him. Jesus stopped and turned about. "Who touched me?" he said.

His disciples wondered why he asked such a question. They said the crowd was jostling all about, and who could say which particular one had touched him? But Jesus had felt in the woman's touch something different from the jostling of the crowd. "Some one touched me," he said. So then the woman, trembling, came and told him yes, that it was she. And Jesus said, "Daughter, your faith has saved you. Go in peace; and be healed of your sickness." And she was.

On that same day a man named Jairus had come to him to say that his little daughter was lying ill, so ill that at any moment she might die; and he begged Jesus to come and bring her back to health. As Jesus was on his way to the

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house, messengers came to say that it was too late; the little girl had died. But Jesus said to her father: "Do not be afraid; only believe." And he took Peter and James and John with them, and they went on to the house where the little girl lay. When they got there, they found a crowd of people weeping and wailing; but Jesus passed through them and entered the house. Then he turned and said to the people crying at the door: "Why do you make all this commotion? The child is not dead, but sleeping." When he said that, many of them began to answer scornfully. They knew what they knew. But Jesus put them all out; and he let only the little girl's father and mother and his three disciples come with him as he went into the room where she lay. Then he took her by the hand and he said, "Talitha cumi," which means, "little maid, I say to you arise." And immediately she rose up, and began to walk, and Jesus told her father and mother to give her something to eat.

On another day, there came a message from a Roman centurion to tell Jesus that a servant of the centurion's whom he loved was ill, and to beg Jesus to heal him. The centurion said he was not worthy to have Jesus come under his roof; but he believed that if Jesus would only say that his servant would get well, this by itself would be enough to make him well. Jesus told the people standing by that he had never met with faith so great as that in any man, no, not even among the people of Israel. Also he said that the centurion's servant should get well. And he did.

One day, when Jesus had been helping many people,

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there came to him some men who brought a message from John the Baptist. John had been so fearless and so plain-spoken about wicked things done not only by ordinary people but by big people, including Herod himself, who was one of the rulers of the country, that Herod had arrested him and shut him up in prison. John, in prison, was more eager than ever for some great thing to happen—for the Deliverer to come, whom he believed that God would send to punish all wicked men and by some tremendous miracle set right everything that was wrong. He had hoped and believed that Jesus would be the Deliverer; but in his lonely prison, he was beginning to wonder. So he told his messengers to ask Jesus whether he really was the great one that he had hoped for; or was there another and greater one yet to come. When Jesus had heard that question, he told John's messengers to consider what was happening, to look at all the sick people whom he through the spirit of God was making well, the people who had been blind who now could see, the deaf who now could hear, the lame who now could walk, and all the poor discouraged sinners who had been made glad and free. He said that these were the signs that God's Kingdom of blessedness was already coming. And then he told the people standing near what he felt about John. No greater man had been born in this world, he said, than John. Nevertheless, he went on, the smallest person in the Kingdom of God was greater than the great John. And though many people were amazed, and had no idea what such words as these could mean, some of them were at least beginning to understand. They saw that the Kingdom of God, which is the good life

The Friends of Jesus

for everybody, cannot be made all of a sudden from the outside; it must come inside of people's hearts. And when any one has begun to trust the love of God, and so to be brave and fearless and kind, he helps to make the world better in even a greater way than the great John knew.

It was no wonder that the disciples who were with Jesus most, and who knew him best, loved him and believed that there was nothing he could not do. When they had him, they felt that they had everything, and that nothing could go wrong. On that same day when Jesus had gone with them across the lake to the country where the wild man was, there had come a sudden storm. As the wind roared and the waves leaped, the disciples were pulling with all their might on the oars, and as they looked about them, there in the stern of the boat lay Jesus, untroubled and asleep. They were afraid that at any moment the storm might sink the boat, and they woke him. "Master," they shouted, "don't you care whether we are drowned?" He rose up and looked at the raging water and he looked at the boat, and he told them to stop being afraid. "Peace," he said, "be still." Then before they knew it the wind dropped and the waves went down. It seemed to them that the very wind and water had to give way to Jesus.

On another day, Jesus had gone with them into the open country that they might all be alone for a while to think and pray. But the people from the near-by towns heard that he was in their neighborhood, and came flocking out to see him. So Jesus let them gather round him, and he taught them of God. The day went by, and evening came, and the

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people were still there. The disciples wanted to send them away, but Jesus said they must be fed first. All the food the disciples could find was some bread and a few fish which a boy had with him. But somehow, no one quite knew how, Jesus brought together enough food so that the people did not have to go home hungry. Also he taught them that there is a bread of God—the bread of faith and love and happy confidence—by which their spirits could be fed and all their lives made strong.

That evening, when the people had scattered, Jesus let the disciples row home across the lake, but he walked round the shore. When they had been rowing a long time, for the wind was against them, and it was so dark that they did not know where they were, suddenly they looked up and there before them was Jesus. They thought he was walking on the water, and they were frightened, as though they had seen a ghost. But he said to them: "Good cheer! It is I. Do not be afraid." And they had come without knowing it to the very land where they wanted to be.

CHAPTER 10



HOW JESUS WENT TO JERUSALEM
AND WHAT HE DID ON THE WAY

THE TIME CAME when Jesus was to leave Galilee. Galilee was the country where people knew him best, and where there were many who loved him. In the region of Judæa, and in the city of Jerusalem, there were many who did not love him at all. Such were the Pharisees and priests and other people who thought themselves important, but who knew that Jesus was not afraid of them and knew that he

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could see how often they were mean and selfish when they were pretending to be good. It was not safe to go up to Jerusalem where these men were, but Jesus felt that he must go. Jerusalem was the great city of the nation. The Temple of God was there. And in Jerusalem, therefore, he must preach his message of what God would have the people know and do.

So he started along the road with his disciples, traveling slowly because people were always thronging round him to see him and ask him questions. The disciples sometimes would get tired and cross, but not he. One day some mothers tried to bring their children to him, and the disciples stopped them. They thought Jesus had more important things to do than to talk to children. But when Jesus heard that, he told the disciples to go straight away and have those children come. And when their mothers brought them, he took them up in his arms and blessed them, and he said, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

On another day at evening he sent two of his disciples to a village to ask whether they all might have shelter there that night. But the village was in the country of Samaria, and the Samaritan people and the people of Galilee had old grudges against each other. So when these Samaritans knew that Jesus was from Galilee, they would not let Jesus and the disciples come into their town. The disciples were very angry; and they wanted Jesus to pray that God would strike this village with lightning and burn it up. But Jesus said to them that they must have forgotten what spirit they were

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supposed to have. He said that he had not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them.

One day he told them a story which had a Samaritan for its hero. He knew not only that the disciples were angry with the particular Samaritans of the village who would not let them in, but that the disciples and all the Jewish people disliked Samaritans anyway. They despised them, and thought that Samaritans could never be as good as they were. One day a certain lawyer had come to Jesus and asked him what was the great commandment of God's law, and Jesus had reminded him that the great commandment is a double one: a man must love God with all his heart and soul and mind and strength, and love his neighbor as he loves himself. But the lawyer wanted to know, "Who is my neighbor?" And then Jesus answered him with this story:

A man was going down one day, he said, from Jerusalem to Jericho, and thieves fell upon him, beat him, and wounded him, stripped off his clothes, and made off, leaving him half dead upon the road. By chance a priest came down that way; but when he saw the wounded man, he went by on the other side. Another man who was also supposed to be religious, because he was busy about religious things, a Levite who worked in the Temple, came along the road; and when he saw the wounded man, he stopped and looked at him, and then he too went quickly by. Afterwards there came a Samaritan; and when he saw the man who had been hurt, he went to him, bound up his wounds, and carried him to an inn, and bade the innkeeper take care of him until he could come again. Then Jesus asked the lawyer, "Which of these three,

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do you think, was neighbor to him that fell among the thieves?" He had to answer, "He that showed mercy on him." Then Jesus said, "You go then and do likewise." The lawyer needed to be like the Samaritan, since the Samaritan, because he was kind, was better than the other men who might have thought that they were better than he.

In another place on his way toward Jerusalem Jesus showed how he could be gentle toward one whom most people treated with scorn. He had gone to the house of a man named Simon, who was a Pharisee, and there he was at dinner with Simon and Simon's other guests. Into the house there came a woman who had a bad reputation; and Simon, if he had had the chance, would have kept her from ever coming inside his door. But she came behind Jesus and swiftly she opened a box of very precious perfume and poured it on his feet; and then as the quick tears fell from her eyes, she took her long loose hair and wiped his feet where the tears had fallen.

Simon was surprised and offended. Here was a disreputable person, he thought to himself, coming into his house, and Jesus had made no objection when she anointed his feet. Jesus ought to have known, he said, what kind of woman this was, and ought not to have let her touch him. Jesus could see from Simon's face what he was thinking, and he began to speak to him. He reminded Simon that when he came into his house Simon had not even given him water to wash from his feet the dust of the road. But this woman had anointed his feet with perfume and washed them with

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her own tears. This she had done, he said, because she loved much; and because she loved much, much should be forgiven her. And turning to the woman he told her that her sins were forgiven, and she could go in peace. Then, with a grateful heart and shining eyes, this woman, who came to be known as Mary Magdalene, went out; and ever after that she was among those who loved Jesus best and tried to live as he would have her do.

There was a man also whom others despised and whom Jesus understood, as he had understood Mary Magdalene. Jesus had come to the city of Jericho, and in the streets a great throng of people crowded round to see him. Among them was a little man named Zacchæus. He was a tax-gatherer and he was rich; but people hated the tax-gatherers because they thought they were dishonest; and even if they were not dishonest, they were collecting taxes for greedy rulers, like Herod, and that was hateful enough. Zacchæus was very short, so that he could not see over the heads of the crowd, and he knew that no one would let him through. Because he wanted so much to see Jesus, he ran ahead and climbed up into a tree so that he could look down upon the road where Jesus would be passing. When Jesus came that way, he looked up and saw Zacchæus. To everybody's surprise he stopped and told this man to come down; and then he said to him that he was going to his house. At that all the crowd set up a buzz of excited whispering. The idea of going to Zacchæus' house—this Zacchæus, the mean little tax-collector! But Jesus, who could see into people's hearts,

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knew that Zacchæus was better than the crowd thought, and that he wanted to be better than he was. Sure enough, when Jesus went to his house, Zacchæus was so touched that there was nothing he would not do for Jesus' sake. He told Jesus that he would give half of all he had to the poor; and if there was anybody from whom he had taken money dishonestly, he was going to give it back four times over. And Jesus made him know that he was one of God's children to whom the promise of the great life belonged; and Jesus said to him, "Today is salvation come to this house."

There was one more person who had reason to be glad that Jesus had come through Jericho. Outside the city, there was a poor blind man named Bartimæus who sat by the roadside begging. When he heard the footsteps of the crowd thudding on the ground, he asked somebody what all the excitement was about, and the answer was that "Jesus of Nazareth passes by." Then the blind man began to cry out, "Jesus, have pity on me!" The people nearest him tried to stop his shouting, but he cried all the louder, "Jesus, have pity on me!" So Jesus sent word that this man who kept calling his name should be brought to where he was.

"Get up, he has sent for you," they said to Bartimæus. So the blind man, flinging his cloak behind him in the dust, made his way to Jesus.

"What do you want me to do for you?" Jesus asked.

"Lord," said Bartimæus, "if you would make me see!"

So Jesus told him that he should see. His faith had

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saved him. And Bartimæus, the blind man, began to see again, and he went through the crowd rejoicing and glorifying God.

On past Jericho Jesus went to the little town of Bethany, where there were two sisters, Mary and Martha, and in their house he lodged. Martha was very busy and flustered in getting supper, and she was annoyed that Mary did not seem to be busy too; for Mary was sitting at Jesus' feet, listening to him. She asked Jesus why he let Mary stay there, and why he did not send her to help. But Jesus said, "Martha, you are worried about too many little things. Mary has made the good choice, and it must not be taken away."

He meant that, when friends meet, to be interested in one another is better than getting something to eat. And, besides, he knew that he did not have many more days upon the earth. He was going up to Jerusalem, and he would be crucified there. He wanted to be close to those who understood him while there was yet time.

CHAPTER 11



HOW+JESUS+FACED+DANGER,AND+HOW
HIS+DISCIPLES+MUST+FACE+IT+TOO++

BUT EVEN THOUGH there were many people who loved Jesus, there were others who feared him and disliked him more and more. He knew that dangers were closing round him.

John the Baptist was dead. Herod had had him killed in the prison. He had not meant to kill John, but he had been driven to it by his wife who was more cruel than he, and who hated John because John had said that Herod ought

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not to have married her. She was waiting for her chance to have revenge on John, and the chance came when Herod had a great party on his birthday for all his particular friends. In the midst of it, his wife's daughter (for his wife had been married once before) came in and danced before the whole company in a way they all thought was wonderful. Herod was so pleased, and excited too by the wine he had been drinking, that he called out a foolish thing. "Anything you ask," he said to the girl as she finished the last flourish of her dance, "I'll give you. Yes, if you asked me half my kingdom, I'd give you that!"

Then what she did was to go and ask her mother what she should say, and Herod's wife sent her back to say that the one thing she wanted was to have John the Baptist's head cut off. Herod was staggered at that; it was the last thing he could have imagined she would ask. But he said to himself that he had made a promise, and all the people at his party had heard him. He was ashamed to have them say that he broke his word; so against his will he had John's head cut off, and the girl who had asked this for her dancing took it and showed it to her mother.

If that had happened to John, something like it might happen to Jesus. Already his mother had grown more and more afraid for him. One day when he was teaching a crowd of people who gathered round him, somebody brought a message saying that his mother and his brothers were there at the edge of the crowd and wanted to see him. They had come to try to persuade him to go home with them, before something terrible should happen to him, and perhaps to

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them also. But Jesus was sad to think they understood him so little as to believe that he would stop because there might be danger. He looked into the faces of those in the crowd who were listening to him eagerly, and he said that men and women like these would be to him like brothers and sisters and mother.

By this time the people generally were thinking that he was somebody very great. They had discussions among themselves about him, and one day Jesus asked his disciples the question, "Who do the people say I am?" They gave him various answers. They said that some of the people said he must be John the Baptist risen from the dead. Some said he was one of the old prophets come to earth again. But Jesus said to the disciples, "What do you think? Who do you say I am?" Then Peter, who was always the quickest to speak, burst out with what he had been thinking and had never quite dared to say before. "You are the Christ!" he said.

He believed that Jesus was more than a teacher, more than a prophet. He must be the Deliverer who had been so long hoped for and promised as the one who should come from God to make all the world different and new.

And Jesus was just that. In his own soul, he had long known it. But the kind of deliverance he was to bring was not the kind that many people understood. He said that a man had to be born again in his heart before he could understand. In order to be delivered from unhappiness into happiness, and from this world into God's kind of a world, a man

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had to be delivered first from his sins and from his fears. And Christ, who should deliver him, could not do it by a sword, because a sword cannot put an end to sin or fear; he might have to deliver him by suffering for his sake, so that the man would love Christ because of the love that Christ had shown. So when Peter said that Jesus was the Christ, Jesus began to explain that just because he was Christ he would be so hated by those who were wicked that presently they would put him to death. That was what Jesus knew, and he was not afraid. He told Peter that before long he would go up to Jerusalem, and there he would be crucified. But that should not be all. Even if he were crucified, God would raise him up to life again.

Peter could not believe that Jesus whom he loved must suffer. He began to argue that it could not be. But Jesus stopped him. Whether Peter wanted to believe it or not, it was true. And there was more that was true. The disciples also must be brave enough to go into danger, and to face death unafraid. If any man was more interested in going on living a long time than in being faithful to what God gave him to do, he would lose his real life, Jesus said. And if he forgot all about whether he should be comfortable or whether he might be hurt, whether he lived many years or few, but only cared that he should be brave and true through everything, then his heart would be full of the happy life which nothing could destroy.

When the disciples looked at Jesus, they could understand better what he said: for they saw that at the very time

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when he was telling them about how he should go up to Jerusalem to die, his face was shining. And one day he took Peter and James and John with him up into a high mountain, and there something happened which they never could clearly tell about, but which they never forgot. It seemed to them that Jesus' whole face and body were like a flame, and as though great figures, which they took to be Moses and Elijah, were there with him, and as though there came a voice which was the voice of God Himself saying, "This is my beloved Son; hear him."

When they came down from the mountain, there were the other disciples and a crowd of people. In their midst was a poor afflicted boy who had been brought by his father. The disciples had tried to cure him of his sickness, and they could not. But Jesus did. And to the boy's father who had wondered timidly whether Jesus could help, Jesus said, "Everything is possible to him who believes."

Other people also Jesus helped and healed in Galilee and in the countries near by, until it was believed that even the dying and the dead would come back to life at his word. But always Jesus was trying to make people remember that it was not only in their bodies that they could be sick, and not only in their bodies that they needed to be made well. They could be sick at heart—sick with fear, or hate, or selfishness. They could be in danger of letting their souls die even when their bodies were strong. And he taught them that it was better for a man to lose his right arm or his right eye than to let any harm happen to his soul.

One day a young man who was very rich came to Jesus

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and wanted to know what he ought to do if he was to live a great life. Jesus asked him whether he did not know the Ten Commandments. Yes, he knew those, he said, and he had kept them as long as he could remember. Then Jesus, as he looked at him, loved him, and he saw that there was just one thing which held this young man back from being glad and free. He thought too much of his money, and for fear of losing it or letting it go he could not bring himself to do brave, whole-hearted things. His money was like a chain which kept him prisoner, and Jesus wanted him once for all to break the chain. So he said, "There is one thing you lack. Sell all that you have and give it to the poor, and come follow me!" The young man was almost ready to do just that, for he wanted to be with Jesus; but he could not quite make up his mind to let his possessions go; and, sad at heart, he went away.

Then Jesus said to his disciples that they could see how hard it was for any one who was rich to come into the Kingdom of those who cared above everything for the ways of God. It was as hard, he said, as it would be for one of the great gawky camels passing by on the Galilean roads to crawl through a needle's eye. But a camel could never do that, said the disciples solemnly. No, of course, a camel could not do it, Jesus answered, and neither did it look as though a rich man could get into God's Kingdom. God Himself would have to make it possible, by making him a different sort of man.

Then on another day Jesus told of a man who thought

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he had everything he needed. He had gathered in such great crops off the land he owned that his barns were filled to bursting. But he said that he knew what he was going to do. He would pull down those barns and build bigger ones; and he would have so many good things laid up then that he could take his ease, and eat and drink and be merry for years and years. But that very night the man died and his soul had to go to give its account to God. And all the things he had laid up to enjoy, whose were they then? They certainly were not his, because he could not take them with him. He had thought he was rich, but he did not look rich to God.

As for Jesus, he did not trouble about possessions. One day he smiled and said that the foxes and the birds were richer than he, for the foxes had holes and the birds had their nests, but he had no home that he could call his own. And yet everything belonged to him, because everything in his Father's world was his to enjoy. And he said to those who gathered round him that they should never be anxious. They could trust God to take care of them, as He took care of the birds and as He made beautiful even the wild lilies growing in the fields.

So also he taught his disciples that the best things to want were not honors and prizes, but the chances which God gave to brave men to do His work.

James and John had come to him one day and they had said: "Master, we are going to ask you something; and whatever we ask you, will you do it?" He waited to see what it was they wanted. Then they told him. They said, "Will

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you let us sit one on your right hand and the other on your left when you are made King?"

Because Jesus seemed to them so much greater than any one else they had ever seen, they believed that at any moment miracles might happen, and that God would make a new sort of world and that Jesus would rule over it. They were partly right. God would make a new world and Jesus would rule over it, but he should rule in people's hearts, and not upon a throne.

So Jesus told them that he could not promise them that they should be treated like princes. But there was one thing he could promise. He asked them whether they thought they could be baptized with his baptism and whether they could drink his cup. Which was to say: "Can you be ready for all the dangers I am ready for, and can you keep on being brave even when what you have to do shall have a bitter taste?" They said, "Yes, we can." And Jesus promised them then something which was much better than being set on thrones. They should go with him on hard ways, and not be afraid.

When the other disciples heard about James and John, they were very indignant, for they thought James and John had been trying to get ahead of them. But when Jesus saw it, he called them all together and he said, "You know that out in the ordinary world people who have great positions like to make other people serve them; but among you it must not be like that. If any one of you would be great, he must be the one most quick to help; and if any one would be the leader, he must be the servant of all." And when

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they looked at him, they knew that what he said to them was only what he himself was doing always; and that for those he loved he would give everything he had, even his life itself.

Also, he took a child and set him in their midst, and he told them that they must be as a child if they hoped to come into God's Kingdom. And as they thought of it, they knew that what he meant was that they must be trustful and loving, and must remember that they had a great deal yet to learn.

CHAPTER 12



JESUS + ENTERS + THE + CITY +
WHERE + MEN + HATED + HIM + MOST +

IT WAS ON A morning in the spring, the first day of the week, that Jesus went into Jerusalem. In that same week there would be the Passover, the greatest festival of the Jewish year; and already thousands of pilgrims were beginning to pour into the city.

Often Jesus had kept away from crowds, but he would not do so now. He wanted all Jerusalem to know who he

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was and why he came. He came as God's appointed Son, the Messiah who could save his people if they would listen and follow him.

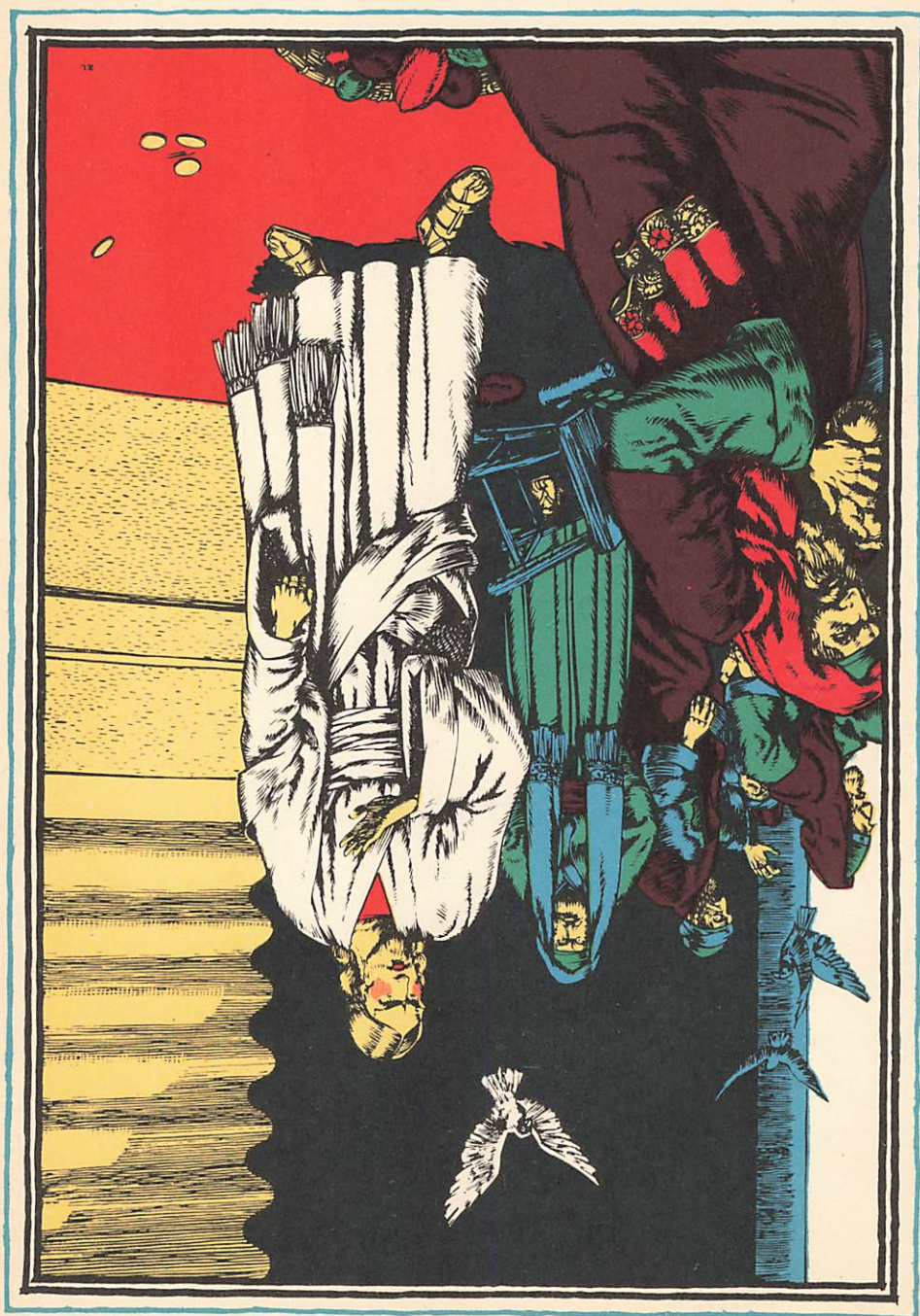
So he sent two disciples to a near-by village to borrow a colt which he knew was there. It was not a horse's colt but an ass's colt. In the world of his time, horses were ridden by soldiers—by men like the Romans, coming to conquer without mercy. But asses were ridden by those who came on errands of peace; and it was to bring peace (though it should take a long time) that he was coming.

Jerusalem stands high upon a hill; and opposite it, toward Bethany, there is another hill called Olivet. Over the crest of Olivet Jesus came, riding in the midst of the disciples; and when the pilgrims on the road, many of whom had come from Galilee, caught sight of him, they set up a great shout. Here was Christ, entering into the Holy City. Marvellous things might happen now, they thought—all great things which the people had hoped for and all their forefathers had dreamed. So they stripped the leafy branches from the trees near by, and spread them on the way ahead of Jesus. They even put down their cloaks, like a carpet on a royal road. And they began to chant: "Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the Highest!"

When the people in the city heard the singing, they came out to learn what was happening; and when they had seen Jesus, there was excitement in all the streets of Jerusalem. Men wondered what Jesus would do. They followed him as he went up to the Temple, and into its gleaming



AS HE WALKED AMONG THEM, THEY
SHRANK AWAY BEFORE HIM * * * *



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courts. But that day he only looked about him, and later went back to Bethany. He was biding his time.

But the next day he threw all Jerusalem into commotion. He had come again to the Temple; and there he saw its courts crowded with tables of men who changed money, and with stalls where other men sold doves and sheep and calves for sacrifice. There was a noise of animals, and a noise of men's voices crying and bargaining. Jesus looked at all this greedy traffic in the House of God, and his heart was hot within him. He made a whip of small cords knotted together, and he began to drive the animals out and to upset the money-changers' tables. Then there rose an angry commotion, of traders scrambling for their money, running after their fluttering doves and their frightened sheep and calves, and shouting threats at Jesus. But as he walked among them, with his eyes flashing, they shrank away before him. He did not strike them. The rebuke of his voice was enough. "It is written," he said, "that my House shall be called a House of Prayer, and you have made it a den of thieves!"

The people were on Jesus' side. They loved to watch him, as people always watch and follow one who has no fear. But the traders were furious against him; and so were the priests. For the priests had charge of the Temple, and it was they who had sold to the traders the right to carry on their business there.

Meanwhile, Jesus was teaching each day in the Temple. Sometimes he talked to his disciples, and to other people who crowded around, about the meaning of things there before

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their eyes. One day he watched rich men coming by and dropping their gifts into the Temple treasury, and after them a poor widow who dropped in two of the smallest coins which were made. Jesus saw that with her the tiny gift was great because it was all she had. And he said that in God's sight her gift meant more than all the gifts which the rich men, out of their plenty, had given.

At another hour he saw two men praying in the Temple. One of them was a Pharisee and the other was a publican (which was another name for tax-collector, such as Zacchæus was). The Pharisee stood and prayed thus, "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, not like men who steal and do disgraceful things, nor even like this publican. I fast twice in the week, and I give to the Temple a tenth of all that I possess." But the publican, standing at a distance from the holy place, would not so much as lift up his eyes to God, but he beat upon his breast and he cried, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner!"

Then said Jesus, "*That* man, and not the other, is the one who will go home forgiven. For every one who exalts himself shall be humbled; and he who humbles himself shall be exalted."

Into Jesus' teaching there began to come also the sound of warning. He wanted to make the people in Jerusalem understand that the time was short. They had not repented when John the Baptist preached. They had not made up their minds to try to make their own way of living, and the world they lived in, fit to be God's Kingdom. And now ter-

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rible things were drawing near. Unless the leaders of the nation, and all the people with them, would listen to the words of Jesus, and learn truly to love God and to love their neighbors, and to treat all others—Jews, Romans, everybody—as they would want others to treat them, then presently men's fears and hates would lead to wars. In these wars Jerusalem should be destroyed, and there should be horror and darkness in all the land. He could save them if they would let him, but they must choose.

And they must choose quickly. He told them of a wedding, and of a group of girls who went out gaily in the evening with lanterns to meet the bridegroom. But when the bridegroom did not come they fell asleep. Suddenly there was a cry, "The bridegroom comes!" Hastily they all got up, but some of them who had not taken the trouble to see that their lanterns were full of oil found that their lights were going out. While they hurried off to try to buy more oil the bridegroom came, and those who were ready went with him to the wedding. But when the careless ones came afterward they were too late. The door was shut and no one let them in.

"Watch," he said; for any moment might be the important time.

He told also a story of a man who had three servants. He was going away on a long journey, and before he went he called his servants and gave them each one a sum of money to make use of while he was gone. After a time, suddenly, when they did not expect him, he came back. He brought his servants together to report what they had done.

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Two of them had taken what he gave into their keeping and used it so well that they had more than they had at first. But the third had done nothing at all with what had been entrusted to him. He had only wrapped it up and hidden it. Then the master rewarded the two faithful servants with new and larger trusts; but the unfaithful one he sent away disgraced.

And because they might ask what sort of life it is that God desires, he told them of God's judgment. In the day of judgment, he said, people of all the nations shall be gathered together, with the angels ranged about; and then they shall be judged according to whether they have learned to love as Jesus loved. Some shall be set on his right hand and some on his left. And to those on his right hand he will say, "Come, you that are blessed of my Father, into the Kingdom prepared for you since the world began. For I was hungry, and you gave me food. I was thirsty, and you gave me drink. I was a stranger, and you took me in. I was naked, and you clothed me. I was sick, and you came to visit me. I was in prison, and you came to me there."

Then those to whom he shall have spoken thus will answer in surprise: "But, Lord, when did we ever see you hungry, and feed you; or thirsty, and give you drink? When did we see you a stranger, and take you in; or naked and clothe you; or sick and in prison, and come to you?" And he shall say, "Whenever you did it to the very least of my brethren, you did it to me."

Then to those on his left he shall say that they must go

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into pain and sorrow: "For I was hungry, and you gave me no food. I was thirsty, and you gave me no drink. I was a stranger and you did not take me in; naked and you did not clothe me; sick and in prison, and you did not visit me."

Desperately then they shall ask, "Lord, *when* did we ever see you hungry, and did not feed you, or thirsty, or a stranger, or naked and sick or in prison, and did not come to your help?" And he shall answer, "Because you did it not to one of the least of my brethren, you did it not to me."

Meanwhile many of the leaders of the people were growing more and more offended. As Jesus showed how men ought to live, they knew that people would be asking why they did not live that way. Their consciences told them that they were doing evil things because these evil things seemed to make them comfortable and to make them rich; and they did not want to give them up. It was easier to pretend to be good than to be good. They knew that Jesus was speaking the truth when he said that they were like whitewashed tombs which look fair without, but within are full of dead men's bones. Sometimes it is the truth which men hate most to hear; and they did hate it, and began to hate Jesus too.

They began to look about to see whether there were others who might turn against Jesus, so that all together they might bring him to his end. They did not dare to touch him as long as the crowd was on his side; but the crowd might change.

And already the crowd was changing.

In the first place, there were the traders whom Jesus had

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driven out of the Temple. They went about telling their friends and other people in Jerusalem that Jesus was dangerous. No business was safe, they said, if he could do like that.

There were others who were offended because Jesus seemed to like people they did not like. They had old grudges against the Samaritans, and against other races who were supposed to be enemies of the people of Israel; and they did not want to let these grudges go. But Jesus spoke of Samaritans and of other such persons, and treated them, as though they were God's children equally with any one else.

Again, there were those who were disappointed because Jesus did not seem to be the sort of Deliverer they had thought he would be. They wanted some one who would rally armies round him, and destroy the Romans and other enemies whom they felt it was proper they should hate. They said Jesus was no patriot. Instead of calling for revenge on those who had done evil to the nation, he taught that it was better to do them good.

And also there were those who listened to gossip about Jesus and believed—or pretended to believe—that he made sinners worse by being too easy with them. They said he was always associating with tax-collectors and other men and women of bad reputation; and that instead of staying only with respectable and fashionable people, he seemed to like to be with the down-and-out. If they had had the love of God in them, they would have been glad of that; but they did not love God much, but their own smug ideas more, and because

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Jesus made them uncomfortable, they tried to think up reasons why it was he that should be to blame.

All these things the priests in Jerusalem knew, and they thought the time had come when there were more people against Jesus than for him, and that now they could find a way to arrest him and perhaps to put him to death. Especially there was one man who was more determined than all the others. He was the High Priest, and his name was Caiaphas.

Caiaphas had been made High Priest by the Roman governor some years before. Often one man did not stay High Priest for long; because if he did not please the Romans he would be put out, and somebody else put in his place. Caiaphas did not want to lose his office, and he would do a great deal not to. He did not like the way the people listened to Jesus and believed in him. He thought, though he was mistaken, that Jesus might do exactly what many of the people wanted him to do, which was to raise an army and start a war against the Romans. He believed that the Romans would win, and then they would punish him because he had let trouble start.

Besides, he and all the other priests were angry when they heard that it was being said that Jesus was the Christ. They said it was ridiculous to think that Christ should come out of Nazareth.

Therefore Caiaphas and the others looked for a chance to seize hold of Jesus. They wanted to do it secretly, so that

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there would not be too much excitement in Jerusalem; and so that the Galileans, many of whom loved Jesus, would not know in time to resist.

Their chance came through one of the disciples, Judas.

No one can tell exactly why Judas was willing to do what he did. Perhaps he was offended because he thought Jesus did not honor him as much as he honored some of the others. Perhaps he told himself he had been cheated because he had thought that Jesus would be a king, and that he, Judas, would have a throne such as that which James and John had asked for; but now it was plain that Jesus was not going to be that sort of a king. Whatever was the reason, Judas went to Caiaphas and the other priests and he said that for a given sum of money he would let them know where Jesus was going to be, and where they could most easily arrest him. So they gave him thirty pieces of silver, and he told them. Thus he sold his Master.

CHAPTER 13



JESUS + IS + BETRAYED + + BY + JUDAS + + + + +

IT WAS ON THE first day of the week that Jesus had come into Jerusalem. At the end of the week came the Passover. Jesus would keep that sacred feast with his disciples, and they made ready for it in an upper room.

When the evening was come, Jesus sat down with them at the table. It was a custom in the eastern country that before supper the sandals of guests should be taken off and their feet bathed by a servant, to take away the dust of the road.

Jesus Is Betrayed

But no servant was there this night, and no one of the disciples was willing to seem to be one. Then Jesus himself arose. He took a towel and put it around his waist: he poured water into a basin and he began to wash the disciples' feet. Peter protested, but Jesus went on: and silent and ashamed, but loving him more than ever, they sat as he washed their feet and as he showed them again what he had meant when he said to them, "He that would be chiefest among you shall be servant of all."

They ate the Passover supper together, Jesus and all the disciples. For Judas, too, was there.

Jesus took bread and blessed it, broke it and gave it to his disciples. He took the cup of wine, and bade them all drink of it. Then he said that as he gave them this bread and wine, the bread broken and the wine poured out, he was giving them also his body and his blood. Because of the sins of the world, he was going presently to his death upon the cross; and because he was willing to die, by the love of God he should save them from their sins. And he told them that when they met together afterward, they were to share again the bread and wine, and to remember him—which is what millions of men and women and boys and girls through all the years have done, and still do, whenever they kneel in church in the beautiful worship called the Holy Communion.

A shadow fell on the disciples as Jesus spoke to them of dying. And they shrank when he went on to say that on that very night they should all take flight and leave him alone. Peter burst out excitedly. He declared that even if every one else forsook Jesus, he never would. But Jesus told

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him that before the cocks should have crowed twice for daylight the next morning, Peter should three times deny even that he knew his Master. And though Peter protested that he never would, and so did all the others, Jesus did not change what he had said.

Moreover, he went on to say, "One of you shall betray me."

At first they sat as men stunned. Then one by one they began to gasp, "Master, is it I?" He said it was the one to whom he should give the piece of bread when he had dipped it in the dish. And he dipped it, and he handed it—to Judas. Immediately Judas got up and went out; and as he opened the door, the night outside was dark.

For a while longer Jesus talked with the other disciples at the table. "Let not your hearts be troubled," he said. "You believe in God; believe also in me." They sang a hymn together, and then they left the upper room. Through the streets of Jerusalem they went, and on to a quiet place beyond the walls which was called the Garden of Gethsemane. This was where Judas knew that he would go, and it was the news of this that he had told to Caiaphas, the High Priest.

When they had come to Gethsemane, Jesus took with him Peter and James and John and went deeper in, under the shadow of olive trees. He told them to wait for him; and he went forward and fell on his knees and prayed. He knew now that the men who hated him would kill him if they could. He prayed that God even now would save him from that death; and he prayed so earnestly that the sweat fell

Jesus Is Betrayed

from his forehead like drops of blood. "Nevertheless," he said, "not my will, but thine be done." Whatever God his Father appointed, that he would fulfill.

After a time he came back to his three friends,—to the ones he had wanted most to be near him. They were all asleep.

Jesus looked at them. Then he spoke to Peter—to Peter who had said only a little while before that though every one else might fail him, he never would. "Could you not watch with me one hour?" he said. "Watch and pray, lest you be tempted. Your spirit is willing, but your flesh is weak."

Again he went away and prayed, and came back the second time; and a second time he found them sleeping.

Once more he prayed; and when a third time he came back, there was no more chance for sleeping. "Up," he said to them. "The one who has betrayed me is here."

There was a tramping of feet, the flashing of torches and the sound of armed men drawing near. Into the garden came the Temple guard, and at their head was Judas. "Master, Master!" he said. Then he went up to Jesus and kissed him. That was the sign. He had told the soldiers that the one he should kiss was the one they wanted.

Peter drew a sword and struck at one of the High Priest's men. But Jesus told him to put up his sword. The dark powers should have their way now, he said. He looked at Judas, and he looked at the armed men. They shrank back before his eyes. But when they saw that he would not resist,

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they came near and bound him; and they led him away to the house of Caiaphas. Then all the disciples fled.

At Caiaphas' house had been gathered together hastily all the men who belonged to the ruling council. Caiaphas wanted them to try Jesus and to judge him, and there before them in a room opening out upon a courtyard Jesus stood.

Meanwhile, Peter had followed at a distance and had slipped through the gate into the open court. A fire had been kindled there, for the night was cold. Some of the servants of Caiaphas and some of the guard were warming themselves by the fire, and Peter crept near. The firelight shone upon his face, and one of the maid-servants thought he looked familiar. Somewhere in Jerusalem she had seen him before. "You were with Jesus of Nazareth," she said.

But Peter denied it. "I do not know what you are talking about," he said. And no sooner were the words spoken than somewhere off in the darkness which was beginning to be gray with daybreak, a cock crew.

Presently another maid-servant saw Peter, and she said, "This is one of them." But Peter denied again.

After a while, those that were about the fire said to Peter, "You certainly are one of them. The way you speak shows it." But at that Peter began to curse and to swear and to say that he did not even know this Jesus whom they were speaking of.

Then for a second time the cock crew, and Jesus turned and looked at Peter. And Peter remembered the words of Jesus: "Before the cock crows twice, you shall deny me

Jesus Is Betrayed

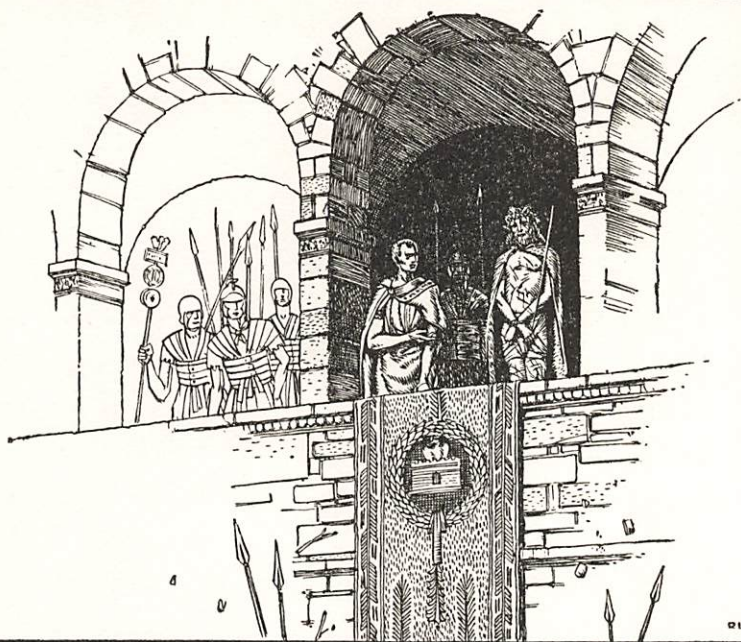
thrice." And when that memory swept over Peter, he rushed out of the courtyard and burst into bitter weeping.

It was no wonder that he wept. He had promised that he would never forsake his Master. He had declared that even if everybody else failed him, he would never fail. And now because he was afraid of what might happen if people knew he was a friend of Jesus, he had sworn three times that he did not even know him.

And Jesus, meanwhile, was left alone. None of the men who said they loved him had dared stand by him. Only his enemies were about him now.

But Jesus was not afraid. Somebody was there who was greater than all the others. God was there. Earlier in that same evening, when he knew that his disciples would be frightened and forsake him, Jesus had said: "And yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me." The failure of his friends could sadden him, but could not shake him. He had God.

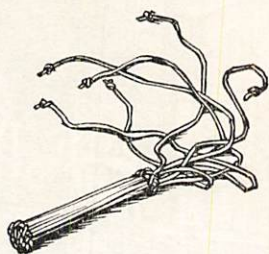
CHAPTER 14



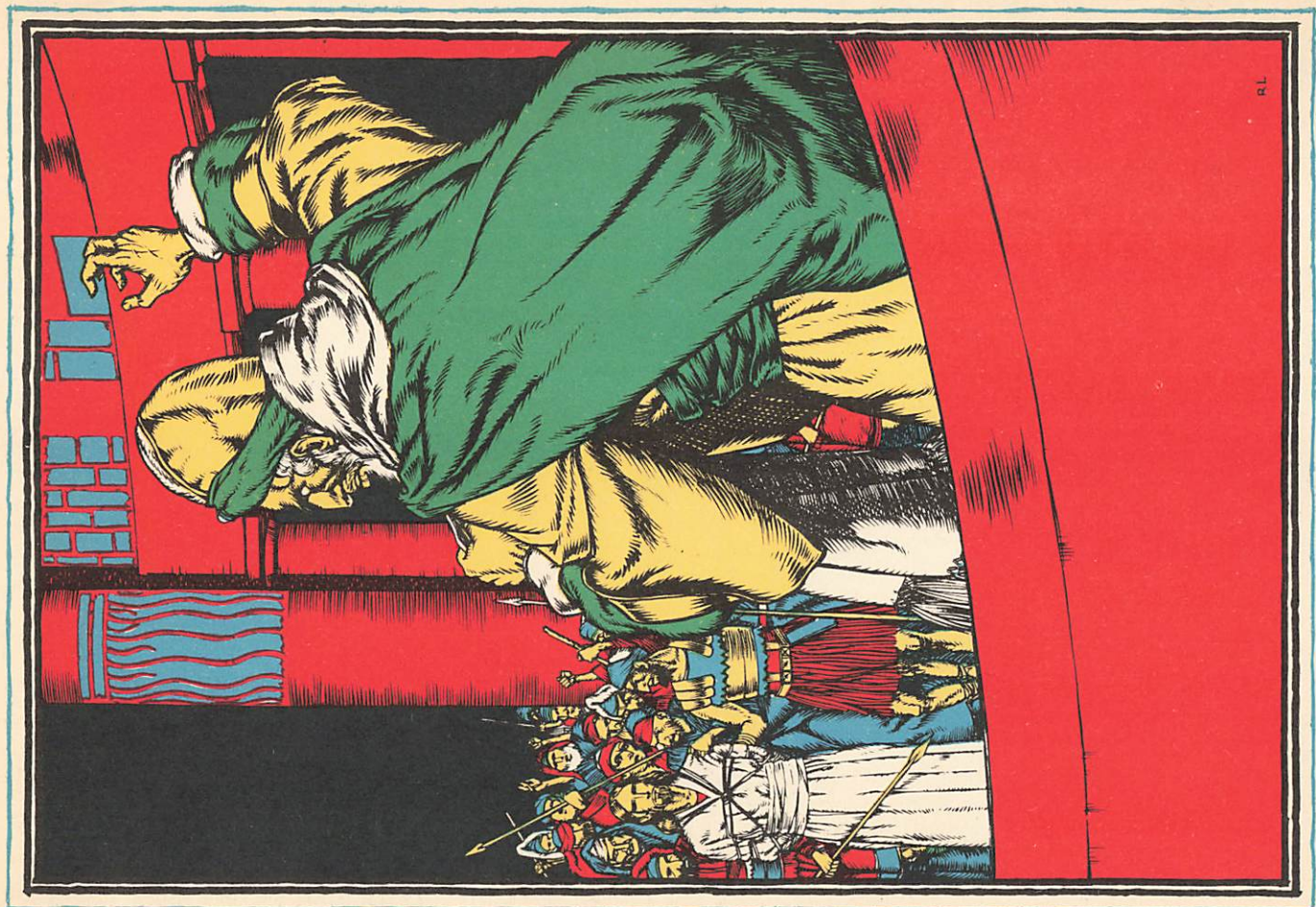
HOW + JESUS + STOOD + BEFORE + PILATE
AND + HOW + HE + WENT + TO + HIS + CROSS +

I
N THE HOUSE of Caiaphas, the ruling council, before whom Jesus had been brought, tried to find reasons upon which they could condemn him. False witnesses were brought in who declared that he had said this and that; but the witnesses did not agree, and the council was growing confused and angry.

Then Caiaphas stood up. "Are you the Christ, the Son of the Blessed One?" he demanded. And Jesus answered,



CAIAPHAS WAS LIKE A MAN
BESIDE HIMSELF WITH RAGE ++



Jesus Stands Before Pilate

"I am: and you shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven."

Caiaphas was like a man beside himself with rage. In his anger he caught hold of his own robe and tore it. "Why do we need any further witness?" he said. "You have heard this blasphemy!"

It was blasphemy that any one should call himself the Christ, the Son of God, when he was not Christ. As a matter of fact, Jesus *was* Christ, the Saviour, even as he said; but only the pure in heart could see that, and Caiaphas was not pure in heart.

"What do you think?" he said to the council. And they all cried out that Jesus was guilty, and should be condemned to death.

Early in the morning, therefore, the priests and their servants and the crowd of people carried Jesus to the castle in Jerusalem where the Roman governor, Pontius Pilate, was residing. Because the Romans ruled Jerusalem, the council had no power to put any one to death, and they had to ask the Romans to do that.

They sent word in to Pilate that they desired to see him, and Pilate came out upon a balcony over the open court where they had brought Jesus in their midst.

They told Pilate that they had a prisoner whom they wanted him to deal with.

"What charge do you bring against this man?" asked Pilate.

Caiaphas and the others answered sullenly that it did

Jesus Stands Before Pilate

not matter what the charge was. They had already tried Jesus and found him guilty according to their law. All that Pilate had to do was to accept what they said and put Jesus to death.

But Pilate answered scornfully that if that was the way they chose to talk they could attend to the matter themselves. Let them deal with the prisoner. This he said to taunt them, for he knew that they had no power to do what they wished to do.

Then the leaders whispered together. They knew that the reason why they had condemned Jesus, because he said that he was Christ, would make no difference to the Roman. They had to frame another charge; so they said that Jesus was misleading the Jewish people, and that he was telling them not to pay taxes to the Roman Emperor because he himself was their king.

It was a false charge, for the kind of Kingdom Jesus had come to establish had to do not with taxes but with changing the hearts of men. They knew, though, that Pilate would think that one who called himself a king meant to make war against the Romans, and so the charge was serious.

Pilate had Jesus brought up out of the courtyard and went alone with him into a room in the castle. There he tried to examine him; but Jesus knew that Pilate could never understand, and he was silent. Yet Pilate could see that Jesus was not one who should be put to death.

He went out again upon the balcony, and, pointing to Jesus, he said to Caiaphas and the other priests and all the pack of people down below, "I find no fault in him, and so I will let him go." But at that all the crowd cried out in

Jesus Stands Before Pilate

anger. They were determined now that Jesus should be put to death, for in the crowd were not only priests, but some of those traders whom Jesus had driven out of the Temple and others who had begun to hate and fear him.

Pilate hesitated. He disliked the Jews, and the Jews disliked him. Since he had been governor, he had done various cruel and brutal things, and once the Jewish people had complained against him to the Emperor in Rome. Pilate had never forgotten or forgiven that; but also he was afraid lest a second time he should be complained against.

So instead of ordering the crowd away and having his soldiers clear the court, he tried to save Jesus by shifty argument and persuasion.

He reminded the crowd that there was a custom that at the Passover time the Roman governor should release some prisoner whom the people asked for. He said that even though Jesus had been condemned by the council, they could ask now for his release. But the people cried out that they did not ask for Jesus. Let him give them Barabbas. Barabbas was a highwayman, and the people liked him because they thought he had defied the Romans.

"What shall I do then with the one you call the king of the Jews?" Pilate asked. And all the mob in the courtyard gave a terrible cry, "Crucify him, crucify him!"

But Pilate tried again to twist out of his responsibility. He had heard it said that Jesus was a Galilean, and he remembered that Herod, the ruler of Galilee, was in Jerusalem. So he sent Jesus to Herod, that Herod might decide

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about him. But Herod would not do it, and sent him back to Pilate. Then Pilate had Jesus scourged by the soldiers, and brought him out again, bleeding from the scourging, that the people might see him. He thought that they might have pity then. But they cried out all the more, "Crucify him, crucify him!" And when Pilate hung back, unwilling, they shouted that if he should let Jesus go he was no friend of Cæsar. (Tiberius Cæsar was the Roman Emperor.) How could he be the Emperor's friend unless he punished Jesus, since Jesus—so they said—wanted to be himself a king.

When Pilate heard that, he was afraid. He had his servants bring a basin and a pitcher of water; and as they poured the water, he said that he washed his hands of the whole affair, and handed Jesus over to the soldiers to be made ready to be crucified. They took Jesus away to their barracks in the castle, and there they put a cloak around his shoulders, and twisted pieces of thorn-bush into a crown and thrust it on his head. Then they pretended to bow down before him and mocked him, and they said, "Hail, you king!"

Elsewhere, another dreadful thing was happening. Judas had not supposed at first that Jesus would be put to death. He thought that all that Caiaphas and the other priests meant to do was to arrest him and stop his teaching of the people. Now, when he learned what they really meant, he went to them in bitter remorse, flung down before them the money which they had given him, and went out and hanged himself upon a tree.

Meanwhile, the soldiers led Jesus through the streets of

Jesus Stands Before Pilate

Jerusalem, carrying the heavy wooden beam of the cross. When the weight of it became too much, they reached out into the crowd and took a man named Simon of Cyrene, who had come into Jerusalem from his home outside, and made him help to carry the cross. Along the streets the people thronged to watch, and many women wept; but Jesus said, "Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children." He knew that upon the wicked city evil and sorrow were to come.

The soldiers led Jesus out through the city gate to a hill beyond called Golgotha, which also has been called Calvary. They nailed his hands and feet with iron nails, and lifted up the cross with him upon it. And with him they crucified two others, two thieves, one on his right hand and the other on his left.

The lips of Jesus were moving. He was thinking not of himself but of those who had put him there. He prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

The priests and the people thronged about the cross outside the circle which the soldiers kept. They taunted Jesus as he hung there. "He saved others"; they said, "now he cannot save himself. Let him come down from the cross, and we will believe."

Jesus perhaps was remembering the garden of Gethsemane. He had said to Peter there that he knew that God would send him more than twelve legions of angels if he asked for them: but he was not asking now that he should be saved. He was willing to die, since that seemed to be the only way to make men understand at last the love of God in him.

Jesus Stands Before Pilate

The time went on, and the agony from the nails was great. One of the thieves began to curse and swear. He cried out to Jesus, "If you are God's Son, why don't you save yourself and save us?"

But the thief on the other side rebuked him. "You and I have been justly condemned because we are criminals," he said, "but this man has done nothing wrong." Then he said to Jesus, "Lord, remember me when you come into your Kingdom." And Jesus said to him, "This day you shall be with me in paradise."

Again Jesus' lips moved. He was reciting the psalm which begins, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" But after a little while longer he cried, "It is finished!" The suffering was over, and all his life of faithfulness and love was about to be finished too.

Then he said, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." His head drooped, and his body became still upon the cross.

The Roman centurion in command of the soldiers looked at him. "Truly," he said, "this man was the Son of God!"

Presently there came a man who had been a disciple of Jesus, though he had not always dared to say so. His name was Joseph of Arimathæa. He owned a tomb in a garden near by, and he had asked Pilate that he might take the body of Jesus and bury it there. So he and the disciples took the body down and laid it in the garden tomb, which was like a cave, and rolled a stone across the door.

CHAPTER 15



OF HOW THE LORD WHO DIED CAME
BACK TO LIFE AGAIN, AND LIVES
+ FOREVER +

TERRIFIED AND DISMAYED, the disciples hid in Jerusalem. Now that Jesus was dead, it seemed to them that everything was over. They did not dare to believe in anything any more. As the hours went by, perhaps they remembered what he had said in Galilee, that he should be crucified, but that after three days he should rise again; but they asked one another doubtfully how it could be true.

On the third day, which was the first day of the week,

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one week after Jesus had ridden into Jerusalem through the crowds that shouted their hosannas, some of the women who loved him went out very early to the garden tomb where his body had been laid and where they thought it was lying now. They had sweet spices which they meant to put within the tomb. But they wondered anxiously, as they went through the long, low sunlight of the dawn, how they should ever roll away the stone from the door of the tomb, for it was very heavy.

When they drew near, they saw to their amazement that the stone was rolled away, and there beside it stood what they thought was a young man, clothed in a long white robe, and he said to them: "You seek Jesus of Nazareth. He is not here. He is risen. Come, see the place where he lay."

They turned with beating hearts and ran back along the way they had come. They came to where the other disciples were, and they told them of what had happened in the garden.

Instantly Peter and John sprang up and ran to see. John was younger than Peter and ran faster and came first to the tomb. While he stood there at the door of it hesitating, Peter came and stooped down and went in. He found inside the linens which had been wrapped round the body of Jesus, but Jesus was not there.

To the garden on that same morning came another one of those who had loved Jesus best, Mary Magdalene. There by the tomb where the body of Jesus had been she stood weeping; and the tears blinded her eyes as some one drew near and, looking down upon her, said very tenderly, "Why do you weep?" She thought it was the gardener; and she

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cried out: "Oh, sir, if you have taken him away, tell me where you have laid him!" But he whom she had supposed to be the gardener spoke just one word. "Mary!" he said. And in that instant Mary Magdalene understood that it was the voice she loved above every other voice that spoke to her, the dear, familiar voice of Jesus. "My Master!" she cried, and fell on her knees to worship him.

On the evening of that same day, two disciples, who had heard of only part of what had happened in the garden and could not themselves believe what they had heard, were going out of Jerusalem to a village not far away, named Emmaus, where they lived. They were talking sadly together of how Jesus had been crucified and of how that meant the end of all their hopes. Then as the twilight deepened, some one drew near upon the road. It was growing dark and they could not see clearly. Besides, they were so wrapped up in their own thoughts that they hardly looked up to notice who it might be that had joined them on the road. It never occurred to them that it might be any one they knew.

The stranger, as they supposed he was, asked them what they were talking about as they walked that made them look so sad.

Then one of them, whose name was Cleopas, asked him if he were only a stranger in Jerusalem, so that he had not heard of all that had happened there, and of how Jesus, a mighty prophet, had been condemned by the priests and rulers, and crucified, in spite of the trust his disciples had that he was to have been the Saviour. He told also of the

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report the women had brought back from the garden, and of the vision of angels who said that Jesus was alive. But Cleopas said he did not believe it could be true.

Then the one who walked at their side said to them: "O foolish ones, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken. Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and then to enter his glory?" And he talked to them of some of the things they had read in their Bibles but had never understood. They had supposed that the one who came from God to be the Christ must certainly have a life of honor and success, in which nothing terrible could ever happen. But he made them understand instead that the better one is the braver he must be to face the hatred of wicked people who do not want to be disturbed, and that the best man of all may often be hated most. Nevertheless, he will win in the end—in spite of hatred, in spite of danger, in spite of everything—because God and the glory of God are on his side.

As they walked together, they drew near to the village where they were going, and the one with them made as though he would go farther. But they begged him to stop, saying, "Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent." So he went in with them to their house.

Then as they sat down to supper, this companion of the road took bread, and blessed it, and broke it, and gave to them; and suddenly their eyes were opened, and they knew that it was Jesus! But even as they recognized him, he was gone. And they said one to another, "Did not our hearts burn within us on the road as he talked with us, and explained to us the scriptures?"

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Up they rose then and hurried back to Jerusalem, and they found the eleven disciples gathered together, and others of the friends of Jesus. Joyfully they told what had happened to them on the road to Emmaus, and how Jesus had sat down with them in their own house. Then suddenly they all looked up, and there in their midst, standing in that very room, was Jesus! Their eyes were wide with wonder, and perhaps with fright; for they were amazed to see him there. But he smiled, and stretched out his hands. "Peace be unto you," he said; and then when he saw that they were still so astonished that they doubted whether it really could be Jesus, he told them to come near and look at the wounds which the nails had left in his hands and feet. Then they knew—knew that their same Lord who had been crucified was alive again; and they cried out with joy.

But Thomas, one of the twelve disciples, was not there that day when Jesus came. The others told him what had happened, but it seemed to him too wonderful to be true. He said he could never believe that Jesus had come unless he saw him with his own eyes. "Unless I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into the wound in his side," he said, "I will not believe."

A week went by, and the disciples were together again; and this time Thomas was with them. Then again came Jesus, and stood in their midst. He looked at Thomas. "Reach hither your finger," he said, "and behold my hands; reach hither your hand, and thrust it into my side, and be not faithless, but believing."

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But Thomas needed nothing more to fill his heart with glory and joy. "My Lord and my God!", he cried.

"Thomas," said Jesus, "you have believed because you have seen me; but blessed are they who do not see and yet believe."

All these things happened in Jerusalem, or near it. But the Gospels tell also of how the risen Jesus came back to his disciples in another place. According to this other story, they had returned from Jerusalem to their own land of Galilee where they had seen Jesus and followed him first. Back to the old fishing boats on the lake they went, and began to work as they used to do in the years before. Once for a whole night long they had been fishing, and then the daylight came. As they looked toward the shore, they saw a figure standing there. Suddenly the voice of John cried out, "It is Jesus!" When Simon Peter heard that, he waited not an instant. Out of the boat he sprang and went plunging toward the land. And there in truth, in the beautiful freshness of the morning light, was Jesus, welcoming him.

Soon the other disciples came in the boat to shore. On the beach they found a fire already kindled, and they broiled some of the fish which they had caught. And as they had their breakfast, there amongst them in the old loving way was Jesus.

When they had finished Jesus looked at Peter. It had not been many days since Peter, that night in the courtyard of Caiaphas, had sworn that he did not even know Jesus; and Peter could not forget. "Simon," said Jesus—and he called

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him thus by the old name which had been his before Jesus had given him his new name of Peter—"Simon, son of Jonas, do you love me more than all these?" Peter answered, "Yes, Lord, you know I love you." Jesus said, "Feed my lambs." (By which he meant all the weak or timid people whom he must learn to help.)

Again he said, "Simon, son of Jonas, do you love me?" He said, "Yes, Lord, you know I love you." He said "Feed my sheep."

A third time he said, "Simon, son of Jonas, do you love me?" Peter was grieved that Jesus asked thus for the third time, "Do you love me?" and he said, "Lord, you know everything; you know I love you!" Jesus said, "Feed my sheep."

He went on then to tell Peter what might happen to him at last, and how some day he might have to suffer imprisonment and death for his Master's sake. Peter turned, and he saw John standing near. "What shall happen to him?" he asked. But Jesus told him that he was not concerned with what might happen to some one else. "You follow me," he said.

So in more than one place and on more than one day Jesus had come back to the men who loved him, and had made them know that he was alive again. After that they were different men. They could believe now in everything great and good. They could be brave, instead of being timid as they used to be. They could be sure of themselves, because they were sure of God.

Then the time came when they did not see Jesus any

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more. They said he had ascended into heaven; but also they were sure that in a wonderful new way he came again, unseen, to be with them. In their minds always was the thought of him. In their hearts was the love of him. His strength seemed to be there with them to help them in every hard thing they had to do. They went out everywhere to tell people of him, and of how God had raised him from the dead, and of how he gave new life to every one who followed him.

Not long afterwards one of the greatest of all the men who gave their lives to Jesus, Paul the Apostle, wrote one day in a letter to other Christians: "I live; and yet it is not I. It is Christ who is living in me." And again he wrote: "I can do everything through Christ, who gives me strength."

What Paul knew, every Christian man and woman and boy and girl today can know again. If we will let him, Christ can put his thoughts into our thoughts, and his affections into our affections, so that little by little we shall begin to live as Christ would live if he were in our place; and wherever we are, our world can then be happier and better because it will be not only ourselves but Jesus who is there.

We do not have to wish, therefore, that we had lived nineteen hundred years ago. The twelve disciples were not the only ones who could be the friends of Jesus. We can be his friends today, and he will be our friend. He is not far away, but he can instead be very near. As more and more

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we remember him, and let the thought of him show us every day what we must try to do, we shall understand what he meant when he said, "I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."